

JUVENILE  
*INDISCRETIONS.*

A NOVEL.

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VOL. II.

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J U V E N I L E  
I N D I S C R E T I O N S.

A N O V E L.

*I N F I V E V O L U M E S.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ANNA, or the WELCH HEIRESS.

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Then sure no fault impart'al Satire knows,  
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,  
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs :  
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

POPE'S ESSAY ON SATIRE.

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VOL. II.

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L O N D O N.

PRINTED FOR W. LANE, LEADENHALL STREET.

M D C C L X X V I.

THE  
INDISCREET

A NOVEL

IN FIVE VOLUMES

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ANNALS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS



The first of a series of novels  
which are intended to illustrate  
the history of the House of Commons  
from the reign of Henry the First  
to the present time.

VOLUME I

LONDON

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

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## *Juvenile Indiscretions.*

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### CHAPTER XIV.

#### *A Young Man's Wisdom.*

THE perusal of Mr. Cadogan's history produced an entire revolution in the measures Henry had, in obedience to the advice of his friends, adopted for his future destination. This poor man, said he, from his unmerited misfortunes, and from the distress that extends to his amiable wife and innocent offspring, is far more entitled to the living of Ether than myself; and is, by the purity of his heart, and the practice of virtuous morality, a proper person to receive so sacred a presentation from my benevolent patron.

VOL. II.

B

I am

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I am young, I have my health, and I am without those endearing ties, that bind him to the spot where only he can procure a subsistence for his family. The world is before me; if I do not succeed I make but one person miserable; his is a complicated fate: why then should I suffer a selfish regard to my single interest, to out-weigh the pretensions of a man so capable to give, so worthy to receive benefit from this living?

The son of a Baronet, born with a natural claim to good fortune, accustomed to plenty, and liberally educated; shall his title to the kindness of my benefactor be put aside by *me*? *me*, who am, perhaps, the offspring of guilt, or at best the unfortunate son of mercenary parents, who cruelly bartered their infant for money, or convenience. No, it must not be.

Besides, am *I*, a thoughtless inconsiderate youth, likely ever to take with propriety on *me*, the office of ministering to the sins of others? *I* who have not resolution to forsake my own, to abandon errors

my



my reason condemns. *No*, I will not take orders, I am determined.

But of this resolution Henry did not chuse to speak till he had an opportunity of being alone with Mr. Franklin, and fairly confessing, that his inclinations did not accord with the sacred function.

How Henry, not accord with it ! How long is it since your inclinations have been at variance with a moral rectitude of heart, and modest simplicity of manners ? Very little else, in addition to what you are already perfect master of, is required to fill with honour to your Maker, and credit to yourself, every part of that respectable character.

Your objections must have arisen very lately, and must also proceed from some other cause than the one you assign ; but you have too good an understanding to suffer your judgment to be biassed by trifles. Come, be ingenuous ; if you will not be a Bishop, why, we must think of something else, but let us act with reason.

B 2. Henry



Henry blushed; he entreated his benefactor's pardon; he found in himself, he owned, no one propensity that he could flatter himself would lead to the attainments necessary to form the character of a good clergyman; his doubts of himself, he confessed, originated in his observations of Mr. Cadogan. Who, Sir, continued he, in a lower voice, could bear to be classed with an orthodox, while such men as our humble curate can soar to heaven in the garb of poverty? Indeed, Sir, I am not good enough to take orders; you once had thoughts of sending me to London—I wish to *see* the world, I am not qualified to *reform* it.

Ah! Henry, cried the good man, embracing him, you cannot hide the generous movements of your soul from me. I see your noble motives; it is not that you object to the succeeding Doctor Orthodox so much, but that you think you have discovered a being who deserves to be happy, and you see no other way of making him so; is it not so? Nay blush not, son  
of

of my affection, you shall go into the world; yes, thou shalt mix with mankind, but preserve that probity of soul, that rectitude of heart; return from the scenes, where the two extremes of good and evil are to be found, unvitiated, else how shall I support my existence, if my age be robbed of the confidence it reposes in thy virtue? I should then ever lament, instead of applauding, as I now do, the motives that actuated you in this resignation.

You anticipate, continued he, my wishes, in thus changing your views; they were too contracted for my designs in your favour.

When first I took you under my protection, I felt for you as an unfortunate youth, and as I resolved to provide for you, without foreseeing the interest you would gain in my affection, I suffered my sister to have her whim, in making you a parson.

But I have now long considered you in a more endearing point of view. The most solid enjoyment I feel, is laying plans for

6 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

your future happiness; plans that I cannot well disclose. One thing puzzles me; I fear my sister will not readily acquiesce in your giving up a matter on which she has set her heart. What say you, Henry? you are her great favourite; is your influence over her as entire as it is over me?

Henry, over-powered by a grateful, an affectionate sense of his friend's goodness, could not speak; he could only press the hand of his benefactor; but that dumb eloquence was perfectly understood; it was the most acceptable language in which he could convey his feelings.

Mr. Franklin confessed himself at a loss about his sister; he knew she depended on seeing their mutual favourite in canonicals.

Henry had his own misgivings on the subject; he longed, indeed, for nothing so much as to remove, for a time at least, out of the way of the particular civilities of that lady, who grew every day more frank in her hints of the happiness she designed him.

He

He feared, he said, Miss Franklin's anger, but threw himself on her brother's favour, and earnestly begged his mediation.

We will not do any thing rashly, replied Mr. Franklin; we have no cause to hurry an explanation that we are sure will be opposed. I do not indeed, at present, see any reason for mentioning it now, nor am I sure it will be at all necessary before you leave us, when you may go to London instead of Oxford, and you shall then write her a letter in Latin, and make your own excuses.

Our hero received his patron's intentions with as much pleasure as gratitude. He had consented to the wishes of his friends, and contented himself with the mode of life most agreeable to them: he was then conscious, that he was equally as free from inclinations as from actions, that would dishonour religion; and the latent reproaches of his heart, on Lavinia's account, with those strengthened by the interest of poor Cado-gan, gave him great satisfaction.



8 JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS.

The next step he resolved to take, was to make Mr. Cadogan the confident of his imprudence, and to take his advice how to conduct himself both towards Lavinia and Miss Franklin, as he did not more dread offending the one than distressing the other; he accordingly walked to the village.

With Mrs. Cadogan he found a female neighbour, who had taken it into her head to be very civil to her. Mrs. Hudson, of the Buck's-head, was Mr. Franklin's echo; he had said Mrs. Cadogan was a worthy good creature, and Mrs. Hudson chose, by her particular attention, to shew the villagers she was of the Squire's opinion, a piece of information they had too often received to be surprized at.

Mrs. Hudson was not a favourite with Miss Franklin, and therefore seldom seen at the manor. Mr. Dellmore was still seldom seen at the Buck's head; he knew very little of Mrs. Hudson, who was nevertheless a person of great importance at Ether. All the turnpike and parish meetings.



ings were held by the interest of the 'Squire at her house, which was likewise dignified with the title of Excise-Office and Post-House; she was reckoned a mortal clever body by the country folks, and a main good schollard. Old Matt being maaft an end what ye may call cherry-merry, landlady kept all the counts herself; a gentlewoman of such consequence was concerned in all the transactions of the place; she certainly was very industrious in her business, and no less so in her endeavours to get at the bottom of every report that was circulated in the village; those, I mean, that did not originate in herself. She was in deep discourse with the curate and his wife, having been entertaining them with some anecdotes, not quite so proper for the ear of Mr. Dellmore, whose presence closed her lips; and after clapping the fore-finger of her right-hand to the tip of her nose, and winking, by way of enjoining silence, she asked after Madam Franklin and the 'Squire, hoped his honour enjoyed a good state of health, and, with a fine curtsy, bustled off.

The unexpected sight of a third person so disconcerted Henry, that he had not courage to impart to his friend his secret disquiet, or to profit by his advice: he was on the point of leaving the village, when he was detained by the sudden appearance of Lavinia.

That young lady had heard, (though her father was as great a stranger to what passed in a neighbourhood where he was a cypher, as if he had lived in the days of the Romans he admired) of Dellmore's acquaintance at the curate's, where she was told he often went. Now, as he had not been lately quite so punctual, or so frequent in his visits through the parlour window as she wished, it struck her, that an acquaintance with the curate's wife, *now* that she was known not to stand in need of the notice of the ladies at the rectory, might forward some private purposes that she had much at heart to bring to perfection; accordingly, she prevailed on her mama to send Mrs. Cadogan an invitation, and seeing Henry pass towards the village, very obligingly

obligingly undertook to be herself the messenger.

The fine hue of our hero's complexion was heightened at the sight of Lavinia, but it was quickly succeeded by a deadly pale, on observing the extreme dejection of her looks; the compassion which they excited swelled to a warmer sentiment, on hearing her deliver a very kind message from her mama, inviting his favourites Mr. and Mrs. Cadogan, with their young family, to dine the next day at the rectory.

Mr. Dellmore's own actions were all free from art or design, and his heart was perfectly guileless. Experience had not yet taught him to expect from others, what he had no idea of practising himself. Lavinia, oh! Lavinia, was the most innocent, the least artful among women; he imputed to the goodness of her heart this act of civility to the Cadogans. The sound of her voice, attuned by humanity, conveyed an unspeakable pleasure to his senses; she looked uncommonly beautiful; she appeared decked with the charms of beneficence; he

gazed at her with more admiration than he had lately done, and his heart sunk in compassion for her ruined state, while his conscience reproached him as the cause.

Mrs. Cadogan excused herself from waiting on the rector's lady, on account of her situation. Lavinia, for such an artless girl, was tolerably quick sighted. She perceived Henry's approbation in his eyes, and did not chuse so easily to give up a favourite point; she was sure her mama would be as much mortified as disappointed, as they all very much wished to be favoured with Mrs. Cadogan's acquaintance; she could not return without fixing a time for the commencement of a friendship she was sure would be mutually agreeable.

Thus urged, the curate's wife, (who a few weeks before was not suffered to reside in the parish, for fear of burdening it with poor) was forced to return something like a compliment, which Miss Lavy eagerly turned to her own wishes, and fixed the next day, since Mrs. Cadogan could not go to the rectory, for Mrs. Orthodox and her daughters.



ters to come to the village, and take tea there. During this conversation, it could not escape Henry's eye, though it did Lavinia's, that the curate and his wife were viewing her with great earnestness, and their observations generally terminated in serious glances at each other; his own guilt gave him reasons for their conduct very different from the fact, and rendered him apprehensive that his secret would be anticipated.

Miss Orthodox, on her departure, asked Henry if he would walk with her down the village. Conscious that he deserved her reproaches, he naturally expected them; a tête-à-tête therefore with her was a happiness he was not particularly desirous of; but the word most irksome, and hardest of pronunciation in the English tongue, to Henry, was the simple monosyllable *No*, on the present occasion; he had not courage to oppose it, to her seducing—"will you walk *with me*?" The intended confidence was therefore postponed, and they left the curate's house together.

The



The straight path to the rectory from the curate's, was down a kind of street, across the church-yard, where the porch opened directly as you passed over the stile, the wicket-gate never being opened, but for the passage of the living rector, or his dead parishioners: but Lavinia did not like the straight path; there was another way, somewhat round about indeed, but it was through a wood; the day was warm, Lavinia chose it in preference.

Henry's real compunction on his connection with Lavinia, his desire of yet (if possible) preserving her from shame, and his dread of discovery, had restrained him from his nocturnal visits, which were less and less frequent.

It was to remonstrate on the barbarity of his conduct she had chosen the walk through the wood; tears and sighs accompanied her complaints, and these being far more tender than resentful, had the greater effect on the lover, whose heart, the seat of tenderness and humanity, was ill fortified against an attack so gentle and so insinuating.

At

At first he attempted to reason with her, to represent the sure destruction that awaited the commerce which reflected shame on themselves, and would entail it on her family; he hinted that his time for leaving Ether was not far distant, implored she would forgive the injury he had done her, and endeavour to conquer her own fatal partiality for him.

He was talking to things wilder than the winds, more ungovernable than the sea,

*A woman's passions goaded by her interest.*

Lavinia's rage and resentment would have appeared on those arguments, but her cunning was a better friend to her views than all the good sense and native honesty of Dellmore were to him.

She fell at his feet; she well knew his vulnerable part, and so irresistibly pleaded the cause of love, of pity, of humanity, and painted in such lively colours the distraction his desertion would expose her to, that  
the

the softened Henry, who, unable to resist her melting sorrow, her persuasive eloquence, raised her to his bosom, and fondly swore to make her happy, to hide her shame, to *marry her*.

Just at this instant, when they were sitting on the grass, at the foot of a spreading oak, and the soft soothing of the lover had calmed the anguish of despair, the fair one bathed in tears, resting her face on his bosom, his arms encircling her, his voice all tenderness, a rustling behind called their attention to the place whence it proceeded, where, to the mutual consternation of all parties, stood Mr. Franklin, regarding them with fixed astonishment.

Dellmore was ready to sink into the earth with guilt and confusion; Lavinia had more presence of mind; she indeed hid her face yet closer in the bosom of her lover, possibly to conceal her blushes. So circumstanced, how could Dellmore rise without disturbing and exposing the lady? the thing was impossible; he remained in the same posture in that irresolute confusion, till  
Mr.

Mr. Franklin, in compassion to his visible agitation, passed on.

As soon as he was out of sight, Dellmore endeavoured to regain the calm state of mind necessary to enable him to conduct himself with propriety in the present interesting crisis of his affairs. He was indeed not a little surprised to find Miss Orthodox well qualified to bear the shock of such a discovery; so far from the confusion natural to be expected on such an event, there was a visible joy, which, in spite of all her endeavours to conceal it, danced in her eye, and glowed on her cheek. He had no time to explore the cause of this unexpected fortitude; all reflections of that kind vanished in the serious considerations on his own situation.

He now considered his marriage with Lavinia as unavoidable, and therefore determined to make her what amends honour and compassion demanded *from him*, with the best grace in his power, and he secretly rejoiced he had been prevented from revealing his situation to the curate in the morning,



morning, since, as matters had now turned out, a communication of that kind would be disgraceful both to Lavinia and himself.

The discovery Mr. Franklin had accidentally made, would, he flattered himself, open his intentions to that Gentleman, and pave the way for a general accommodation ; for, as the Doctor was known to be rich, he had no doubt but Mr. Franklin would think with him, Miss Lavy might marry to more advantage, and that, in consequence, his consent would not be withheld ; Mr. Orthodox would follow of course, and, surely, the preposterous whim of Miss Franklin's would no longer torment him, when she knew his vows were plighted to another ; he would immediately follow his benefactor, and solicit first his pardon, then his interest. With this intention, and those hopes, he acquainted Lavinia, whose overjoyed heart sprang to the dimples in her cheek ; her eyes were no longer suffused with tears, and she returned home rejoicing and exulting in the adventures of the morning.



## CHAPTER XV.

*Declarations of Love.*

**DURING** Henry's short morning's excursion, we have seen great things, or at least things of great consequence pass, in which he was nearly interested, and to which he was an ear and eye-witness : but what were they to those that were ripe for discovery at the manor ?

Miss Mary Franklin and Doctor Orthodox were, as I have told my readers, bosom friends. Now friendship from a man to a beautiful woman, whose marriage with his dairy maid proved he *had* passions, and pretty strong ones too, is what some people will not allow to exist, without endangering the feelings, and giving birth to warmer sentiments than are exactly consistent with the Platonic System.

The example in hand proves, that wisdom and learning are barriers infinitely too weak to repel the soft touches of love. Both the  
learned

learned doctor and his pupil were in their turns vanquished ; but whether when associated their philosophy acquired strength, or from whatever cause it was, the fact is, no one idea of the kind, so much as of the difference of sexes, had, as far as regarded each other, ever yet existed between Doctor Orthodox and Miss Franklin. True ; the lady was beautiful ; the gentleman no stoic ; and what was still more favourable to the positions laid down by those who argue against the Platonic System, it was now evident that Miss Franklin was not a prude.

It is not for me to meddle in sacred matters ; all I, as recorder of simple events, have to do, is to give an impartial relation of facts.

Nothing could exceed Miss Franklin's surprize when she heard of the Doctor's marriage ; her disapprobation of that step, and her contempt of his choice, were expressed very freely. The Doctor's excuse was,

That

That the soul, whose faculties were wholly absorbed in the divine pursuit of wisdom; whose powers were engaged in exploring the beauties of the ancients; whose pleasures were wrapped up in the sublimity of former ages, and which retreated, with the contempt his did, from the common amusements of life, required relaxation; that he married Dorothy Reddish for that purpose; he viewed her in the light of a beautiful piece of simplicity, that would give him an opportunity of admiring the work of unadorned nature, and he considered her as a mere natural convenience, that would enable him to answer the end of his creation. Had *his* choice, he observed, fallen on a person more eligible to his society, one who, in converse sweet, might have beguiled him of his hours, it would have divided his desires from his favourite pursuits, and have lessened his attention to those objects to which his life was devoted.

By a constant repetition of those arguments he had long since satisfied Miss Franklin,

Franklin, who was naturally disposed to behold all the unlearned sons and daughters of the creation in a light very little superior to the brute creation. She soon admitted the Doctor's plea, nor ever condescended to treat Mrs. Orthodox or her daughters with the least mental distinction; merely passing them over, after the first civilities, with the same kind of indifference and inattention, as if the seats on which they sat were wholly unoccupied.

The Doctor kept to his text: as he began, so he continued; he certainly did consider his wife as a piece of natural convenience, and no more. This brutal insensibility extended to his children; they were objects of too little importance to excite in him either care or tenderness; giving them warm cloathing, and feeding them *well*, which, as they boarded with him, he could not avoid doing, he considered as their whole claim on his parental exertions.

The Reverend Doctor was a man so truly conscious of his own importance, and so tenacious lest it should remain unobserved



served or forgotten, that not a day passed in his house without his reminding Mrs. Orthodox of her original employment, expatiating on the honour he had done her, and explaining to his daughters the obligations they were under to so great a man for begetting them. As to their education, it was a matter beneath his notice. The good woman his wife, indeed, failed not constantly to remark the ready wit of her children, and had always a number of their smart sayings at her tongue's end. The facility with which they learned of Dame Godson to spell and mark, was her inexhaustible subject of conversation; but her husband was too abstruse in his ideas to attend to her or them.

By dint of teasing and perseverance, and making a friend of 'Squire Franklin, Mrs. Orthodox, after three years hard labour, at last prevailed on her husband to let Lavy go to a boarding-school in the environs of Bristol. Mr. Franklin's goodness of heart led him to every acceptable act that could  
increase



increase the happiness of all who were so fortunate as to be known to him.

He saw all the mother in Mrs. Orthodox's pleadings; the glow of maternal fondness when she pressed her request, the eagerness of partial hope when she spoke of her daughter's capacity, and the transports of gratified ambition when she carried her point, were visible to him; for what escapes the mild capacious eye of philanthropy?

Dear Mr. Orthodox, cried his wife, don't you remember how fine Miss Marsh danced at the 'Squire's last New-Year's-day? Now one quarter for Lavy.

Woman, said her husband, thou art an idiot. Poor Mrs. Orthodox understood the sentence; it was a final negative, and one too often applied to be misconceived, which she was so far from disputing, that in general matters she coincided in his assertion that she was an idiot, and, in his opinion, that *he* was the wisest of mankind; but never did Mrs. Orthodox feel in herself  
such

such a disposition to rebel as in the present instance. Lavy, who was as handsome as an angel, to be denied the accomplishments that would render her charms irresistible, nothing ever was so hard—but what was to be done?

Mrs. Orthodox abounded in all worldly things but money; she had a good mind to sell the spotted heifer, for Lavy should have learning, that she was resolved, cost what it would. While she was in that dilemma, Mrs. Hudson dropped in, and having heard her neighbour's grievance, advised a second application to Mr. Franklin; the advice was good, and it succeeded beyond her hopes.

The 'Squire generously presented her with twenty guineas for extra charges, and the Doctor, relieved from the heaviest part of the expence, no longer opposed his wife's desire. She hired a post-chaise, and left her daughter at a Bristol boarding-school, to learn dancing, music, drawing, &c. &c. &c. from whence she had the supreme felicity to fetch her at the year's end, a very

fine lady. Mr. Franklin's generosity again prevented her wishes; he furnished her with means to purchase a harpsichord; but Mrs. Orthodox just then standing in need of a new cloak, and her daughter longing for a cargo of gauze, ribbon, catgut, and wire, the money was so differently expended, that there only remained a sufficiency to purchase a second-hand spinnet, which they contrived to pack behind the chaise, and in that manner carried it to Ether.

Miss Lavinia Orthodox was the Rector's youngest daughter, but her beauty so far eclipsed that of her eldest sister, that she was, in her mother's idea, of a different order of beings, and her hopes (on the authority of her own success) were so sanguinely fixed on the power of her daughter's charms, that she was resolved to let nothing be wanting to set them off. Miss Orthodox naturally pined, and Lavinia as naturally triumphed at this unequal treatment, and thence arose their subsequent bickerings.

As to the Doctor, after having, with a  
very

very bad grace, paid sixteen pounds, the stipulated sum for her board, he gave himself no farther trouble about his daughter, or her improvements: this mode of acting and thinking was entirely approved of by his female friend, who, influenced by so great an example, felt the less repugnance at following her own inclinations, which so strongly impelled her to seek, as the Doctor had done, a relaxation from her studies; nor did it once occur to her, that it would be decent or necessary to conceal any part of her sentiments, either from her friends or the world.

Learned women are seldom subject to the weakness of modesty; and there were too many examples of Roman ladies, who had taken young adventurers to their bosoms, to say nothing of those of our own country, who will grace the annals of the present age, for Miss Franklin to blush at treading in their steps.

I have something to say to you, Doctor, cried Miss Franklin, throwing down her pen.



I will attend to you immediately, Madam, answered the Doctor, without ever lifting his eyes from the book. I have just finished a parody to put in the mouth of our General, from this noble speech of Regulus.

Well, do that another time, if you please, Sir; I am rather in a hurry. I intend to marry, and want your assistance.

The book instantly closed, the Doctor looked up—*marry, Madam!*

Marry, Sir! is there any thing extraordinary in that?

Why no! yes; I profess I—marry—Good God! Mr. Orthodox, said the lady, peevishly: why, what is there so miraculous in that? are not you married? have you not been *twice married*?

To be sure, Madam. O no! nothing extraordinary; only, I confess, I am a little surprized; I shall be honoured by your commands.

Mr. Orthodox was, indeed, as he said, surprized; he was astonished—struck with amazement; he spent some moments in vain

con-

jectures on the probable, and possible, among the male visitants who had worked so great a change in the soul of Wisdom. He would as soon have expected the great Empress of all Russia to turn nun, as to hear of Miss Franklin's marriage. After a solemn silence, not a little embarrassing to the lady, who felt rather awkwardly at her friend's astonishment, she again involuntarily repeated *marry*.

Upon my word, Sir, cried Miss Franklin in a tone of grave displeasure, you will have no cause for self-reproach on account of your credulity.

Why, really, Madam, answered Orthodox, recollecting himself, my surprise is excited, not so much by the resolution on your part, as to the thing itself: but as I conceive it would be so very difficult a matter, to find a person deserving such a transcendent piece of felicity; for, to be sure—

Miss Franklin smiled, and looked expectantly at the Doctor; but he had no more to say. Again astonishment got the better of cunning.

Miss Franklin, and matrimony, were ideas it was impossible wholly to reconcile in a moment.

The Lady fretfully resumed her pen. The Doctor mechanically opened his book—That a soul, said he to himself, filled with the true Republican spirit, can submit to monarchy!

This old fool grows more stupid than I ever expected, thought the lady; then laying down her pen—

So then, Doctor, you cannot guess in whose favour I now mean to change my condition.

The Doctor was just got into a very unpleasant train of thinking. He was, for the first time in his life, out of conceit with his own politics; he regretted, since Miss Franklin was formed of such combustible matter, he had not found it out himself at an earlier period, when unquestionably she was an object, who would, in point of natural convenience, have been much superior to Dorothy Reddish: she was moreover a person of consequence and learning. Then  
succeeded

succeeded a long train of advantages he had so unluckily missed; there was the manor estate, with forty thousand pounds worth of timber growing for the axe, besides several copses of underwood.

There were a number of small farms, shamefully under-lett.

There was the manor-house, full of riches, the land over-stocked, and, finally, the 'Squire's immense property in the funds, besides the perpetual advowson of the Ether living.

Those would undoubtedly center in Miss Franklin, and consequently in her husband. Those reflections being all followed by the bitter conviction, that they came too late, clouded the Doctor's brow, and, had any thing less than the affection of her heart been at stake, must have discouraged the lady from proceeding in her communications.

If Doctor Orthodox, at the first hint of his pupil's intentions, felt regret and astonishment, how was it increased when she named the object of her choice to be Dell-



more! Were then those advantages, those riches, and those inheritances to center in a youth, he had hitherto considered as an object beneath his serious attention? That was too much: he could not possibly approve the nomination of a person so truly insignificant. Filled with disapprobation of the object, as well as dislike to the change she proposed, he ventured not only to tell her of it, but supported his opinion by a very long string of excellent arguments; but he might as well "bid physicians talk her veins to temper, and with an argument new set a pulse." The lady was not to be dissuaded from embracing a system whence she expected to receive pleasure, at least equal, if not superior to the history of the Republican Hero.

The reasoning Doctor found his utmost efforts ineffectual. The sum of his arguments was indisputably wise in the theory, but unfortunately his own practice had wholly contradicted them.

Miss Franklin retorted his own excuses, He pleaded the disparity of years.

She

She referred to his example.

His poverty—example.

The obscurity of Henry's birth—example.

The possibility of his being attached to one nearer his own age and rank—still example.

In short Miss Franklin was determined. She did not, she said, ask the Doctor's advice; it was his assistance she required. She was herself the sole and competent judge of what would constitute her own felicity, and was determined to adopt that mode, most likely, in her own opinion, to ensure it.

This declaration, delivered in the Olive-rian stile, immediately reconciled the Doctor's outward man to an act he inwardly condemned, as derogatory to the education she had received from him, as well as injurious to female honour: he therefore gave up the point; and, as he was conscious of feeling some little contempt for the new votary of Hymen, it was the more necessary to be particularly profuse in his professions of respect, which he protested was

increased by her noble and disinterested sentiments.

Flattered in her first foible, Miss Franklin now grew impatient to bring matters to a conclusion. She prevailed on her learned friend to open the affair to Dellmore, whose stupidity, she confessed, was (although the result, she believed, of his inexperience) very provoking. As to the 'Squire, he had never once in his whole life denied any request of hers, and he would not now, she was sure, begin; she therefore undertook to manage *him* herself.

They had not quite settled their plan of operation, when the dinner bell summoned them to the parlour. Never did four people meet at the same repast, under greater embarrassments, and from different causes: we will begin with the lady, as head of the table.

The subject she had been discussing had set her in a glow, and crimsoned over her naturally delicate complexion. She was perfectly at ease with herself on the propriety of her choice; nor did her sentiments re-  
proach

proach her for the want of female modesty; but the coldness and insensibility of the young Adonis could not fail of disquieting her. It was in vain her eye sought for one reciprocal tender glance; in vain she endeavoured to recollect a single instance of affection from him, since her own had been so visible. The mildest interpretation on his conduct was insensibility: the mortification this reflection gave her spirits took away all appetite for her dinner.

The reverend Doctor foresaw an eclipse to his favour; he could not bear to look forward to his future patron in Henry; for being one year younger than the 'Squire, he made *sure* of out-living him; but the uneasiness of his mind had an effect directly contrary to that of the loss of appetite. He devoured with rage, and sought to allay the ferment, in his ideas by large draughts of Rhenish.

Mr. Franklin was yet in the wood with Henry and Lavinia. Their attitude and confusion was still before his eyes; and he, who was seldom known to be out of hu-



mour, was now displeased with every thing. The fish was ill dressed, the soup mere wish-wash, the venison over-done, the puddings were spoiled, and the tarts good for nothing.

Henry did eat and drink, but it was without taste or appetite, merely to hide a confusion that was, notwithstanding all his endeavours to conceal it, very visible to his patron.

When the table was cleared, Miss Franklin, eager to finish the interesting conversation, interrupted by the dinner, hastened to her closet, followed by Mr. Orthodox. The moment they had left the room, Mr. Franklin bid Dellmore shut the door; and thoroughly free from all appearance of his customary drowsiness, asked him how long he had been on such tender terms with Lavinia Orthodox, as the attitude in which he surprised them this morning spoke.

Henry, though conscious that his heart did not fully accord with his present resolutions, knew that they were founded on the rule of right; he had therefore the less reluctance

tance to the entering on a subject which his benefactor had prevented his wishes by beginning.

After a little hesitation, the natural result of modesty, he confessed his attachment to Miss Orthodox, and hers to him, and in the most humble, and self-condemned terms, begged forgiveness, for making an engagement, without first obtaining the sanction of so good a friend; but frankly confessed, he had imperceptibly drawn himself on, from one step to another, till it was too late to retract, and he now threw himself on his generosity — as all his hope was in the compassion of his friend, and on his good offices with Mr. Orthodox.

Mr. Franklin sighed, his lip quivered, his eyes were fixed on the ground.

Oh! Henry, cried he, what have you done? what is it you say? indeed too late to retract? are you really engaged to that girl? How could a young man of your understanding make a choice so—he hesitated—you have entirely broken all my measures. I wished to see you the happiest  
man

man in England, and I would have done my utmost to make you so; but is it indeed too late to retract? recollect yourself.

Henry, colouring, confessed it was. That (said Mr. Franklin) such a young fellow as you should be drawn in to flirt with such a girl as Lavinia, does not surprise me. I should wonder, if, with the advances I have observed, you had not. I have not yet myself acquired philosophy enough to behold beauty impartially: it is hardly possible to shield the heart of man from the influence of a lovely face. Age and wisdom have been found equally impotent, when opposed to the fascination of female charms; but, dear boy, I cannot approve of Lavinia Orthodox for your wife; yet don't mistake me, there are crimes, which to commit, without incurring the penalty of the law, dishonour humanity; among those I rate that of the seduction of innocence: I could not forgive you, I should indeed abhor you if I found you capable of taking advantage of the guiltless fondness of the poorest cottager, and, under promises you did not intend

to

to perform, rob her of her virtue ; it is an act, not only blameable, but criminal ; but, in this case, I think that cannot be : I rather suspect you are the deluded person ; that the character of seducer is reversed, and that the female is the deligner.

The generosity, the honour of Dellmore was now called on to vindicate his intended wife. He entertained not the remotest suspicion of the heart of Lavinia ; his own sincerity rendered him the less susceptible to the evil impressions of others : he considered Lavinia in that state of innocence Mr. Franklin described, and himself her cruel seducer. As much indeed as she was above a cottager, was his encreased obligation to conceal her frailty, and return her affection. His answer to Mr. Franklin was pointedly criminating himself, and a warm justification of the lady ; and he concluded with renewed entreaties to be forgiven, and for Mr. Franklin's interest with Mr. Orthodox.

Very, very reluctantly did he, as to the last part, obtain his request. Oh ! my dear



dear Henry, said the good man, as far as relates to me, I forgive and pity you; but I fear there will a time come when you will not forgive yourself. - You say your happiness is at stake, and I will, if possible, render you *perfectly happy*. I must, however, condition with you; you shall not, if you obtain the Doctor's consent, yet marry; you are too young, you would lose, by such a step, every benefit from the plans I have laid for your happiness. Marriage is by no means fit for a youth of twenty: when you are master of my future intentions in your favour, as far as they can be now pursued, I will not oppose your inclinations: at the same time observe, I shall not admit of any future evasion of an engagement for which my word shall have been passed.

Henry gratefully and thankfully accorded with his patron's advice and injunctions, and more at ease from the approbation of his own heart, than gratified in his wishes, he retired to write a letter to Miss Orthodox, which he sent by Matthew, who particularly

ticularly attended on him, firmly resolving no more to trust himself with opportunities of being with her, but to merit the favour of Mr. Franklin by the future regularity of his conduct.

He informed her of that gentleman's goodness, and assured her he was fully resolved to repair her honour, and reward her love. With this letter Lavinia was so much pleased, that she shewed what parts did not allude to their connexion to her mother and sister. The former, highly gratified in the success of her wishes, and rejoicing in the opening grandeur of her views already fancied, she saw her beloved Lavinia grace the manor-house, as the mistress of it. *Now* was all her foresight justified—*now* the learning Lavy had acquired would be found useful—and *now* should she return the scorn of the half-bred gentry, whose troublesome recollection so often mortified her.

In the fulness of her heart, Mrs. Orthodox sent for her good friend and neighbour, Mrs. Hudson, to whom, in the highest  
glee,

glee, she communicated the great fortune of her daughter, with all the expected advantages of her future settlement.

Mrs. Hudson was all astonishment; she was glad, heartily glad of it: but was she certain? was Mrs. Orthodox quite sure that it would be a match? To her certain knowledge, 'Squire Franklin meant to do great things for Mister Dellmore; because why, he loved him as well as if he were his own son; and, to be sure, if it had been so a thousand times over, he could not be a dutiful, nor prettier behaved young gentleman. It was hard to believe any thing now-a-days; for her part she thought people were bewitched. *Now* all the village said as how Miss Lavy was promised to Mr. Downe; and, to be sure, if that were the case, it would be a sad thing to break a promise for the sake of riches.

Mr. Downe, *indeed!* answered Mrs. Orthodox, a poor paltry out of commissioned officer. No, no, Lavy knew better; she had not been at a boarding-school for nothing; nor had she, Mrs. Orthodox, undergone

dergone so much to persuade the Doctor to give her learning that it might be thrown away on a feller worth nothing.

Miss Lavy was quite in the right, Mrs. Hudson said, and she wished her joy of her good fortune, with all her heart and soul; she was, however, enjoined to, and promised the profoundest secrecy on the subject; which promise, not being of a nature to bind her performance, was broken seven different times on the way from the rectory to the Buck's-head, (about a quarter of a mile); the last place at which Mrs. Hudson thought proper to make a confidant, and to enjoin the same promise of secrecy she had herself so recently given, and still more recently broken, was at Mr. Cadogan's.

The curate and his wife were equally confounded, and grieved at a piece of news they were the harder to credit, from their earnest wish that it might not be true; but the source from which their neighbour derived her information could not be doubted, more especially as she had been favoured

at



at her own request with a sight of part of Dellmore's letter.

Mrs. Hudson had before lodged a few secret anecdotes, decorated with her own sentiments and opinions, with Mrs. Cadogan, who, in the warmth of grateful friendship, immediately recollected them. Her eyes met those of her husband, whose mind was, at that instant, occupied with the very same ideas.

Mrs. Cadogan's eyes were great talkers; in this instance they were understood by a person not much skilled in their language.

Mrs. Hudson begged and prayed they would not drop a word of any thing they had heard from her, for, to be sure, the world was so wicked, it might all be false. She wished, with all her heart, people would mind their own business, for, as she always said, every body had enough to do at home.

I thought, Madam, said the curate, part of what you said was from your own observations.

Oh!

Oh! dear Mr. Cadogan, cried she, why sure you would not go for to bring me into a priminary; I am sure I thought no harm in the world in telling Madam what I heard, and, continued she, wiping her tearless eyes, in a whining tone, I am sure you would not go for to ruin a poor body. If the old Doctor were once to take a spite at me, he would not rest till our licence was gone; and if 'Squire Franklin knowed that I concerned myself with other folks, he'd be mortal angry.

Mrs. Cadogan's heart, softened by some private reflexions of her own, could not resist the appearance of distress in her neighbour, who certainly had made all her communications under the seal of secrecy: she promised not to betray a trust which had been reposed in the bosom of every dame in the village; and the landlady returned home, free from the alarm she had received, from the feelings of the curate and his wife, for their friend.

In the mean while Miss Orthodox, not a little piqued at the sudden and unexpected change

change in the prospects of her younger sister, happening to see her Captain pass the orchard, told him of the event that would be of such advantage to her sister; and, thoroughly out of humour, took the occasion to hint her resolution of immediately dropping all clandestine correspondence, a hint the Captain concluded it his interest to understand, more especially as the family connection with Mr. Franklin was a matter that would render his alliance with Miss Orthodox still more desirable than the Doctor's wealth. He threw himself at her feet, and implored his divinity not to be more cruel to him than Miss Lavinia was to her lover; he spoke of her father's contracted temper, and ventured to name *Scotland*.

Miss Orthodox was by no means possessed of that troublesome delicacy which would have rendered the proposal shocking to some young ladies; on the contrary, the being run away with would give as great an eclat to her character, as the marriage of her sister with Mr. Dellmore would to hers.

No

No objections being made on the part of the lady to the trip to Scotland, the lover left her with a thousand expressions of rapture, and every mark of *extravagant* joy on his *countenance*, while as many cares disturbed his bosom about the ways and means to carry on so interesting a scheme.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

*All in the Wrong.*

THE next morning, big with the fate of Henry and Lavinia, opened with a surprise to Doctor Orthodox. The reverend ambassador was on the point of setting out for the manor, his beaver in his hand, the weather being very warm; when, just as he was leaving the porch, who should enter it but 'Squire Franklin!

On



On his expressing a wish to speak to the Doctor on an affair of importance, Mrs. Orthodox ran into the study to take the morning banyan velvet cap and slippers into the closet: which business she had hardly dispatched, when Mr. Franklin entered, most obsequiously ushered in by the Doctor.

The good woman made many apologies for the litter in which the 'Squire saw her; smoothed her handkerchief and apron, and was going on in enquiries after Miss Franklin, when her husband gave her his usual information, viz. that she was a fool; on receiving which, she thought it expedient to withdraw.

Mr. Franklin, with very little ceremony, then proposed a match between Henry Dellmore and Lavinia Orthodox; asked the Doctor's consent, and demanded what he intended to do for his daughter, generously adding, he should render Henry's circumstances wholly unexceptionable, although he owned his consent, not his approbation, was given to the union.

Poor

Poor Mr. Orthodox was fated to be in continual wonder : he could not be more surpris'd at the commission he yesterday received from the sister, than he now was at the one undertaken by the brother, and both were equally obnoxious to him : still it was Dellmore, the upstart Dellmore, who engrossed the friendship of his patron ; and now a part of his wealth was required to contribute to the happiness of a being he wished to crush to atoms : but what could he do in such a dilemma, how act, so as to preserve the friendship of the 'Squire and his sister ; and what was still more, decline parting with his cash !

That Miss Franklin would not consent to the marriage of Dellmore with Lavinia, when she had gone such lengths to secure him to herself, was pretty plain. He had, therefore, now to gain time by an equivocal answer, in hopes of seeing his objections work his wishes : to have rejected Mr. Franklin's generous offer, would have exposed him to that gentleman's resentment ; to accept it, would mortally offend Miss

Franklin, and greatly embarrass himself. The happy medium very fortunately presents itself; he was, he said, truly sensible of the goodness of his patron, whose notice of his daughter did her infinite honour; but, he trusted, want of entire resignation to his will, gratitude, or respect, would not be imputed to him, if he humbly forbore giving his sanction to a step of such importance, till he had consulted his very wife and honoured friend, Miss Franklin. He hoped the 'Squire would pardon him; he could not resolve on any affair of consequence without her approbation. He entreated the weakness of an old man might be forgiven: his revered friend was his oracle.

Again and again did the crafty priest solicit indulgence of the fond brother, on the score of respect to his beloved sister.

Mr. Franklin considered this reference as so natural, and so little expected any embarrassment from his sister on the occasion, that he fixed on the next day to settle the future nuptials.

They

They walked to the manor together, conversing on different subjects; the Doctor carefully avoiding, and the 'Squire wanting inclination to continue the one that occasioned their meeting.

Miss Franklin was yet in her closet, and Henry strolling across the lawn. Mr. Franklin left the Doctor, who, instead of proceeding according to his usual custom to Miss Franklin's apartments, joined our hero; as, though this was a condescension very unusual, there was nothing unnatural in a father's seeking an opportunity of conversing with the destined husband of his daughter, Dellmore met his advances with great respect and politeness, and, at his request, walked to a farther distance from the house.

Mr. Orthodox was very seldom at a loss for words, although his slow formal manner of expressing himself rendered his promptitude of speech, on some occasions, rather doubtful; but the commission he was charged with, was so entirely new, had so little of his good-will to support it, and required,



moreover, so much art in the opening, that he was at a great loss how to begin.

While he was in this situation, Henry, on his part, in full expectation of hearing his doom, and conscious, that all his pretensions to the favour of a man of Doctor Orthodox's disposition, must depend on the bounty of his friend, was in a state of too great confusion to open the subject.

They walked on, each lost in their own reflections, till, at length, a trifling observation on the weather drew them out of their meditation; after the weather came on the dearness of corn, bad crops, heavy taxes, high price of cattle, and fall in price of lands; this being followed by a second silence, it was again broken by the Doctor's resuming the conversation, if that might be so called where the speaking is all on one side, by invectives against the prerogative of the Prince, the incapability of his Ministers, the folly of the Lords, and the corruption of the Commons. Those matters being all settled by the priest, in his usual self-sufficient manner, with nothing more, and sometimes  
not

not so much as an assenting bow from his companion, a third silence ensued; they had now gotten to the extremity of the pleasure-ground, and our hero's embarrassment encreasing every step, he was considering how to break the subject most at heart, or escape from his companion, as the walk began to grow rather too warm for his sanguine temper.

On a sudden Mr. Orthodox, who had walked on a few paces, turned round; his unexpected front surprised Henry, and his stedfast look through the bristly brows I have before described, called the colour into his face.

Young man, said the Doctor, you are very *fortunate*.

I do not complain, Sir, answered Henry, piqued at the decisive air with which the word *fortunate* was pronounced.

I say, resumed the priest, raising his voice, you are a young man of extraordinary good fortune.

Henry Dellmore was impelled by honour and compassion to marry Lavinia Ortho-

dox; and his natural good nature, and love of peace, led him to court the friendship of her father; but he did not consider his union with that young lady, as a matter that would entitle him to the reputation of such extravagant good fortune; and the idea of receiving his future father-in-law's first kindness, in such mortifying language, added not a little to the confusion he had been in from the moment Mr. Orthodox joined him.

You are young, continued the Doctor, *handsome*, and *sensible*: it could not be less than three, and I verily believe it was *not* more than six bows our hero returned to those compliments.

The Doctor proceeded—

You will be the richest man in the county of Devon; you may buy many a lord, and the *living of Ether* will be in your gift.

As how, dear Sir? answered Henry.

Our hero was a fine tall young man; the Doctor was very short and thick. Listen, said he, standing, by the assistance of his cane,

cane, on the very tip of his square-toed shoes, and grasping with the other hand Henry's coat button, in vain endeavour to reach his ear—

You shall marry.

I intend it, replied Harry, smiling at the odd figure before him.

You shall marry—the perfection of womanhood, the paragon of beauty, the most seraphic Miss Franklin will be your bride.

Henry started, the colour forsook his cheeks.

Have you seen Mr. Franklin, Sir?

I have.

How then, Sir?

Attend young man—

I was yesterday honoured by the confidence and commands of Miss Franklin, and then engaged to make known to you her benign intentions. She—mark, young man—

Miss Franklin, the patroness of literature, the pride of the age, honours you with her love: she has no doubt but you will be transported with joy and gratitude; but she commands you to keep your raptures within



the bounds of discretion, till she has explained her motives to Mr. Franklin.

This was a very unexpected blow to our hero. The lady's proceedings were retrograde to all his notions of female purity; the pride of womanhood, the paragon of beauty, the seraphic Miss Franklin, was, in his present opinion, a very disgusting personage.

He besought the Doctor to make his acknowledgments to the lady; to assure her, he had the most profound sense of the honour her distinction conferred; that he lamented his inability to deserve, and *his* power to return the affection, which so situated, it was his misfortune to have inspired. Engaged as his heart now was, he could not accept an offered crown.

Forbear young man, (interrupted the Doctor) by enumerating objections, founded on weakness and caprice, to expose your folly and ingratitude. I have my *own* reasons for not being more explicit to Mr. Franklin; one of them you are now acquainted with, and I shall disclose to you others,

others, which it will not be your interest to repeat.

I am talking to you in confidence; the world says I am rich, and, I presume, it will further say, a rich old man can have little to do with his money except giving it away; but the world is mistaken in both points; the little I have saved may be insufficient for my own use; I am subject to many bodily infirmities; my disorders require great indulgence; I tell you, and *I ought to know*, Lavy will not have a shilling while I live, and little enough when I die, should she survive me, which may not happen.

You depend on Mr. Franklin's influence, and assuredly I shall not put a positive negative on any proposal of his; but you will find his will to serve you greatly inferior to his fondness for his sister. Now, if you are disposed at your time of life, by marrying my daughter, against my own private consent—*mind that*, to embrace a life of poverty and distress, under the displeasure of the family at Ether manor, it is with

yourself; but don't say I *deceived you*; I have given you my opinion, and you know my mind.

As to the answer you wished me to deliver, you must seek another messenger; I will neither raise nor tempt the storm such a conduct will occasion. Good morrow; don't say I deceived you, that's all—don't say I deceived you.

One word, dear Sir, I beseech you, cried Henry, exceedingly distressed at the consequence which was too likely to succeed his present embarrassment.

Not a syllable, replied the priest; take your own method, but don't say I deceived you; you may be married to the heiress of Ether manor, or you may continue the object of charity all your life; but don't say I deceived you.

It was in vain our hero took the advantage the Doctor's corpulence, notwithstanding his utmost efforts to make a sudden retreat, gave him, to implore his interference, to plead his known interest with Miss Franklin: nay, he ventured to hint  
some-

something about the happiness of his child ; still, as often as his short-breath would permit him to articulate, " don't say I deceived you," was the only answer to as eloquent an harangue on the subject of love in a cottage, as any young man of Dellmore's age and experience could be expected to make.

The Doctor's pace, before they reached the house being *per* force greatly slackened, did not assist our hero's cause, though it prolonged his opportunity of pleading it. A peevish rejecting motion of the hand and head supplied the place of, don't say I deceived you ; and he left him in the saloon, in order to seek Miss Franklin, in the utmost distress of mind, and under the most disagreeable apprehensions of what he must expect from the rejection of amorous overtures from a learned lady of the true Oliverian spirit, in the somewhat between forty and forty-fifth year of her virginity.

Mr. Orthodox finding the closet deserted by its fair mistress, who, he was informed, was in Mr. Franklin's library, soon re-



turned to the saloon, where he found Henry had taken up his flute, in hopes to harmonise his ruffled spirits, and, perhaps, to banish care in the all subduing power of music. The soft strains of the soothing Jackson, which lay on the music-desk, had, (so light are the general impressions of sorrow on young minds) in the space of five minutes, banished all thoughts of every thing but “Anna’s urn.”

At sight of the Doctor, on whom music had no power, the flute was laid down, and the pleadings from which he had so recently escaped, resumed; but he had not time to know, whether he should have found Mr. Orthodox more or less obdurate, both their attentions being called off to the sound of Miss Franklin’s voice, in a key to which they were hitherto strangers, and which, as it approached, gave reason to suppose the storm, foretold by her friend, was already risen.

In came the lady, her face in a flame, bearing every mark of a violent perturbation of mind, followed by her brother, whose

whose endeavours to detain her in the library till she was more cool, had been equally ineffectual and unavailing, as those our hero had made use of to bring Doctor Orthodox to any one point in his favour.

At sight of the object of her affections, in a beseeching attitude to Mr. Orthodox, the deep red colour, which passion had brought into her face, was changed to a deadly pale. He has deserted my interest in favour of his girl, thought she, and without waiting for further information, keenly upbraided her learned colleague for the duplicity of his conduct. Her reproaches were so full of passion and resentment, that he could not, though aided by a companion, with whom he was not always on the best terms, namely, *conscious innocence*, put in a single syllable to be heard in his own vindication.

From him she turned to Dellmore, and viewing him with a mixture of scorn and rage—

So,

So, Sir, said she, you are in love, it seems. The insensibility I have remarked in you, is not the effect of youth and inexperience; it is the result of folly and ingratitude. You have taken an early and glorious opportunity of stabbing the heart that fostered you: I raised you from beggary, that I might be rendered contemptible myself; I exalted *you*, that I might myself be humbled; but do not flatter yourself that an insult offered me will be forgiven: if ever you see that forward wench again, if you visit or correspond with her, you shall not only be an alien to my friendship, but I shall esteem those my bitterest enemies by whom you are shewn the least favour, or with whom you are in any degree connected.

In denouncing this sentence on the petrified Dellmore, and in the previous exertion of her spirits, Miss Franklin had so far exhausted her strength, as to be obliged to throw herself into an arm chair, and call for a fan, while Mr. Franklin's countenance underwent a variety of changes, infomuch,  
that

that indeed it would have been difficult to say which was the most predominant, shame or anger. Unable to conceal or repress his emotions, he retired, and in quitting the saloon, he told his sister he blushed for her; but as that was more than she conceived she had cause to do for herself, it was little attended to.

The silence that ensued gave Mr. Orthodox an opportunity he did not fail eagerly to embrace, of rectifying the mistake of his fair pupil.

Young man, said he to Dellmore, who continued turning over the leaves of his music-book, in the utmost agitation, when you have obtained Miss Franklin's consent to marry my daughter, mine may possibly follow; but till then, I insist on your considering yourself as a proscribed man at the rectory.

Instantaneous was the effect this little speech had on the lady: the fury that darted from her eyes was no more seen, her voice lost its ungentle harshness, a reconciliation with her learned friend immediately  
took



took place. He received her concessions with the best grace in the world, and accepted her invitation to accompany her to her closet, with a look of malevolent triumph at poor Henry, whose situation of mind was very little to be envied. Filled with the most unpleasing presentiments of what would follow the extraordinary events of the morning, and fearing he might occasion an interruption of that fraternal peace which subsisted between Mr. Franklin and his sister, he longed for, yet dreaded an interview with his patron; much did he wish to know his sentiments on an event as little expected, as still less desired. As to Miss Franklin, she had held, in his opinion and regard, the very first place of any female in the world: the tender sentiments of duty, gratitude, and filial affection with which his heart was filled towards Mrs. Dellmore, had long been transferred to Miss Franklin: when he found himself so unfeelingly abandoned by his supposed mother, a vacuum took place of the entire love he bore her; that vacuum was most acceptably filled by Miss Franklin.

lin. It is not necessary, that in order to be respected in the maternal character, a woman should be a beauty; but a fine person is, nevertheless, in the eyes of youth, an ornament to good actions. Dellmore had said a thousand times Miss Franklin was the handsomest woman, except Mrs. Dellmore, he had ever seen; and not having her faults, was unquestionably more amiable. He attributed all her partiality to a maternal regard, that laid him at once under an obligation of gratitude and affection. Her wisdom, learning, and goodness, were so many guards to the infallibility in which his imagination dressed her; he could not therefore possibly foresee or expect the event that now distressed him.

The passions to which thoughtless, inconsiderate youth are liable, he was too well acquainted with from his own experience; but to those which, at a certain period of our lives, disgrace humanity, he was a total stranger. It has been said that "of all the violent passions, *that* which least misbecomes a woman is love;" our hero thought differently;

rently; and this instance of it, the first he had been acquainted with in the practice of a woman that it was natural for him to respect, struck him with the more forcible disgust, as it was expressed in him, so opposite to all his ideas of female reserve. So changed indeed were his affections, that if there were one person on earth more hateful to him than the rest of his fellow-creatures, it was his late respected, his honoured friend; it was Miss Franklin, under the dominion of an amorous predilection.

Having hitherto accustomed himself to look on her as his mother, it was not without a secret horror, that he could believe himself the object of her desires. In any other light, his soul revolted not more at the idea of the utmost pain which distress and sorrow could inflict, than it did at that of giving one particle of hope to so unnatural a passion; and he obeyed the dinner summons, in full resolution to treat any future offers of that kind, either from the lady, or her deputy, with the contempt that, in his opinion, they merited.

At

At table, it was with no small surprise he observed the lady and her confidential friend, without any trace of the morning transactions on their countenances. On leaving him in the saloon, the lady's hopes were above par; she had misjudged the Doctor, and hoped, fondly hoped, her error might extend to Henry. Eagerly did she enquire of the sentiments she had inspired, and the return the youth made to her generous overtures.

Mr. Orthodox saw it was in vain to oppose his pupil's folly. The next good thing for himself, he therefore knew would be to flatter it. Not a jot of the harangue he had heard from our hero in the morning, did he chuse to remember, nor even allow his embassy was received with less pleasure than surprise; so that Miss Franklin was good company, and the Doctor was actually affable and polite. Never indeed did they appear more at ease.

Not so Mr. Franklin; his affection, his esteem for a sister he loved more like a tender parent than a brother, had sustained a  
shock



shock too affecting to be soon overcome: his venerable countenance was overspread with a visible gloom; a mixture of grief, anger, and compassion, agitated his mind, and was discernible in his looks; he ate little, and spoke less.

Henry saw, and felt the anxiety of the worthiest of men, and his heart was ready to burst, when he reflected on himself as the cause of vexation to his patron; tears started into his eyes, his mental faculties all shared the uneasiness of his friend, and he retired from table, notwithstanding the most attentive kindness from Miss Franklin, without having swallowed a morsel.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*A Natural Event.*

WHEN Henry reached his chamber, oppressed with grief, a recollection of the unfortunate events of his life crowded unsought, on his memory, and the dreary prospect before him in case Mr. Orthodox's predictions should be verified. On one hand, his situation with Lavinia, his inability to support her, and, above all, a certain repugnance, for which he could not account, towards every thought of uniting himself for life to her on the other, filled him with anguish; he threw himself into a chair, where he gave way to the sorrows that oppressed him.

Matthew Hudson, who had really, as his mother said, taken a vast liking to the young Squire, seeing an alteration in his behaviour at dinner, now stole up, and surprised his master in an act, I believe, I ought

ought not to disclose, lest some of my stout-hearted readers should honour him with the title of Milk-sop; but an impartial historian will relate the bad with the good; he was actually shedding tears. A sight so uncommon astonished Matthew; it was to him a matter of infinite surprise, how a person, who had so little cause for grief, should appear overwhelmed with it.

Why now, lord a marcy, exclaimed he, what can be the matter?

Vexed at being exposed in a situation so emblematic of weakness, and, as some will have it, so derogatory to a manly soul, What do you want? cried Dellmore, peevishly.

Don't be angry, Sir, said honest Mat, I only comed to ax if your honour wanted any thing; but Lord God love you, don't fret, a voman is not vorth it; I am sure if one vont another vill; and as to Miss Lavy, if I vas as you, Sir, ecod I'd e'en give her land security.

Do you mean Miss Orthodox, rascal? cried Henry, rising in a rage. Why there  
now,

now, Sir, said Mat, retreating, did'nt I bag you not to be angrey? only let me say von vard.

Dare to let the thoufandth part of a word lead to a reflection on Miss Orthodox; firrah, and I will break every bone in your body, cried Henry, trembling with passion.

Vell, Sir, replied Mat, then you mought as vell have bid me be dumb; for all I had to say was sartainly about she; however, if you vont hear it, vy ye vont; and if ye vill make youre geese swans, vy you must, and if I must not speak, vy I must let it alone, if I must I must; all I say is, vhat signifies minding a voman, that I suppose I may say; there are more vimen than vone, and 'tis well there is, and that they bint all alike too, else—

Leave the room, said Henry, hastily—  
Mat continued officiously busied.

Leave the room, repeated Henry—  
Mat stole a corner glance, and shewed an eye glistening with a tear—I can't, Sir, said Mat, opan my soul I can't, till you forgive me; I am sure I did not  
mean



mean to offend you, for as to that Lavv Orthodox—The conclusion of Mat's apology did away all the merits of his sympathy. Lav Orthodox in that contemptuous manner from a servant—Every feeling was roused—every generous sensation alarmed—good-nature gave way to violent passion, and Mat was kicked down stairs.

Ah ! certainly the poor girl's exposed, her character utterly gone. Unhappy Lavinia ! Had then her unbounded love for him rendered her an object of contempt ? Did servants dare to sport with misfortunes that originated with him ? This impertinent fool must have discovered his nocturnal visits, would he else have presumed to mention the sweet innocent girl with so little respect. Poor, poor Lavinia ! but it was for him. Could he then hesitate on the part honour and compassion equally enforced ? What meant the secret reluctance that ever filled his heart, when he thought on their union ? a union the laws of God and man required ! Was it not a mean, a cruel reluctance ? Could it be the result of any thing but dishonour ?

honour? And did there lurk in his bosom a sentiment which he would blush to own, he would tear it from thence. Yes, let the event be what it would, he would protect the female he had ruined; he would immediately fly to her feet, would perform his promise, and make what reparation he could for lost honour and lost fame.

These resolves swelled the heart of our hero; it spread the deep blush of sensibility over his countenance; it gave celebrity to his pace, and he gained the rectory, still warm in the sentiments of justice and compassion, still glowing with the emanations of honour.

Mr. Orthodox and the young ladies were gone to the village. He immediately followed. Never did Henry Dellmore suffer the tidings of joy to any individual to be delayed by him. The late insult on Lavinia's character was an injury occasioned by her fondness for him. He was under a sense of obligation which his heart panted to discharge: he recollected the engagement at the curate's, and hastily took the path thi-

ther; crossing the church-yard, he was met by Captain Marsh.

This gentleman he understood to be a favoured admirer of Miss Orthodox, in whose company he had sometimes seen him; they had likewise frequently met in and about Ether, but it was not till very lately, that a personal intimacy had subsisted between them. The shattered fortune, and immoral character of Captain Marsh, could not prevent Henry's paying particular regard to the brother of Mr. Cadogan, for whom his esteem was daily augmenting.

The Captain was excessively disconcerted at the settling of a sister so near him, who had been reduced by his folly and extravagance, to the extremest poverty and distress. It is true, bating mere outside show, and a nominal claim, with temporary residence, at Bustow-Grove, he had very little more of the good things of this world to boast of than Mrs. Cadogan; but his pride taught him the surest path to avoid the habitation of wretchedness; and as Mrs. Cadogan was forgotten by her old neighbours, he took  
particular

particular care that the consanguinity of the poor curate's wife should not be discovered by him.

Mr. Cadogan and his wife held the mean pride of their relation in too much contempt, to force on him the knowledge of those miseries he could not, if he would, relieve; but, when the change took place in their circumstances, as soon as their appearance evinced a warmer and less friendless home, when peace and plenty were seen in delightful unity, to reign under the roof of patience and humility, then was the fraternal affection of Captain Marsh excited; when it was evident that Mrs. Cadogan had found a friend, she had also the happiness to recover a brother, whose visits became very frequent, and whose professions of regard were no less violent.

It was not, that either the curate or his wife wanted penetration: but what Mr. Marsh for his own ends affected, his sister really felt; her gentle heart reclaimed with joy the sweet intercourse of relationship and friendship with her only brother; sisterly love, and smiling welcome, ever met his



steps as he entered her house; and she introduced him to Dellmore, with hope, that his cruelty to her would be as entirely forgotten by her friends as it was by herself.

Captain Marsh accosted our hero with great respect, and a hesitation that arose from doubts of success in his business, more than from the modest diffidence or reluctance at asking a favour, which some people are weak enough to feel.

He had particular business, and should be the most obliged man in the world, if Mr. Dellmore would favour him with his company for six minutes.

Henry was posting on the wings of love, or friendship, or honour, or what the reader pleases, after Lavinia; but the monosyllable *No*, I have before told my reader, was seldom pronounced in rejection of an application, that led to the semblance of kindness, or relief of distress; he, therefore, instantly struck into the path I before-mentioned, as one leading to a haunted palace.

Captain

Captain Marsh was in the utmost distress for fifty pounds; he wanted it on a secret and pressing occasion: if he could be so fortunate as to borrow that sum, he could dispose of it to such advantage, that he should not only retrieve his own affairs, but be enabled to let his dear sister have the money he had so long been prevented by his misfortunes from paying her; he would return it in one month; it would make him quite easy for life; be an act of the greatest friendship, the most exalted generosity; and he should ever look on the person who would now, in this dilemma, assist him, as the savior of his life and fortune. Could Mr. Dellmore, who had preserved the sister, and her family, and would he, if he could, now assist the brother? Indeed he was ruined, if he could not raise the money.

I have a quantity of bank-notes by me, thought Henry, which my benefactor, when he bid me put them to interest, meant for the purposes of benevolence. It will be easy for me to accommodate Mr. Marsh

with the sum he wants ; but if it should be to answer the exigences of prodigality ; if it is to support the dissipation of his character, to be squandered in extravagances, how should I answer to my benefactor, for so misusing money entrusted to me for the most noble ends ?

On the other hand, if—if—if—"when the heart runs before the understanding, judgment is saved a wonderful deal of trouble"—Before one half of the advantages hinted at by the Captain had been considered, a note to the requested amount was in his hand.

The Captain was in raptures, he would give a bond, and seal it with his blood.

There needs no bond, Sir, said Henry ; if you put the money to a laudable use, you will, I doubt not, be able to repay it ; and, if you are a man of honour, you will do it.

The Captain swore very gracefully, and very courageously ; he could invoke thunderbolts, defy lightening, call on the sacred name of his Maker, and sink himself to the lowest

lowest abyfs of perdition, without the leaft change of countenance.

The Captain fwore; Henry interrupted him.

I cannot fuffer, Sir, faid he, a gentleman who bears that infignia of valour, looking at his cockade, and who has been honoured with a commiffion to bear arms, from a fovereign, whose moral character is the pride of his people, to fuppofe his word requires an affeveration. I fhall be grieved to find myfelf deceived in you; but, if that fhould happen, though I fhould have the higheft pleafure in informing Mr. Franklin (whose almoner I am) of my having affifted a man of honour, I fhall fpare him the mortification it would give him to hear of fuch your depravity.

What a damned fool is this old Frankly! faid the noble Captain, as he tripped lightly home, after a million of thanks to Dellmore, to trust that half-mad boy with his money; and how damned ftupid it was in me not to get another fifty!



Henry now turned again to the village, and found, as he expected, Mrs. Orthodox and her two daughters at the curate's.

Far different was his behaviour now to Lavinia, than when he last saw her there; he openly addressed her as the object of his choice, the mistress of his affections, his future wife, and was received by the young lady and her mother, with every demonstration of tenderness and respect.

Mr. and Mrs. Cadogan were silent spectators of a scene they could not approve. Their presence was no restraint on Henry; he had now no secrets; he meant to marry Lavinia; his conscience approved the act, and the more witnesses there were to it, the better he was pleased.

He immediately entered on their affairs, told them his difficulty with the Rector, and the opposition from Miss Franklin, but concealed, out of respect to the 'Squire, that lady's folly.

Lavinia was enraged; upon her word, she really thought Miss Franklin took great liberties: *indeed* people had better mind  
their

their own business. What! did Miss Franklin think, because she was never addressed herself, others were to follow her example? but, however, she hoped her mama would, on this occasion, exert herself. Sure, it was very hard, she should not have the disposal of her own child, without the interference of other people.

If I were Lavinia, said Miss Orthodox, I would elope.

Elope! said Mrs. Cadogan; what an idea for a young woman!

Why! what harm is there in eloping?

Good heavens! Miss Orthodox.

Well, cried Lavinia, not regarding Mrs. Cadogan, I should like it of all things.

Mrs. Orthodox saw nothing shocking in the proposal, if it could be carried into execution, without suspecting her of being in the secret.

Lavinia again declared she should have no objection.

The curate started.

Dear Henry, said Lavinia, let us go to Scotland.

I am glad, my love, answered he, to see you in such spirits, not believing her in earnest, and taking her hand tenderly, my Lavinia will never, I hope, have occasion to take a step so derogatory to the delicacy of her sex. Mr. Franklin is our warm friend; he will take care of our interest: neither your father nor Miss Franklin will always oppose our happiness; they will, at last, surely relent. In the mean time, his own exertions, he said, should ardently second his patron's favours; he would diligently apply himself to what ever mode of life he should recommend. He knew not all his intentions, but was too well acquainted with the generosity of his nature, to doubt they would exceed his expectations; and if, after all, the Doctor continued obdurate, he hoped he should be enabled to provide for his Lavinia, by the success of his own industry.

What do you mean? cried Lavinia, turning pale; you will not leave me till we are married?

Mr.

Mr. Franklin insists on it, answered Henry; he will not suffer us to marry till I am of age; and, indulgent as he is to our *juvenile indiscretions*, my amiable Lavinia will not, surely, wish to disobey him. At this speech, Lavinia's sprightly countenance underwent an immediate change; she wept, sobbed, and wrung her hands; she was ruined, undone. What could possess Mr. Franklin? how could Henry be so cruel? Oh! her heart would break.

To Mr. Cadogan, whose prudence had gathered strength from experience, and to his wife, whose virgin delicacy had not lessened in her married state, this scene was perfectly new; it was reversing the order of courtship; they had no conception of the motives that could urge a modest young girl into so unnatural a conduct. *What!* become the solicitor, and, in defiance of all decent custom, teize her lover into marriage! It was a conduct that did not give birth to (that was done before) but it confirmed some suspicions, little to the young



lady's honour, and rendered them more curious observers of what followed.

Lavinia's agitation increased with her lover's moderation. She insisted on immediate marriage, in terms of violence and reproach, while Henry, endeavouring to soften his refusal by gentleness and soothing, was at last obliged to avow, he would persist in his obedience to Mr. Franklin. The agonies this declaration threw Lavinia into are not to be described; they ended in a fainting fit, which lasted some time, notwithstanding every assistance from the curate and his wife: hartshorn was applied without effect, her laces were cut, and phlebotomy performed by Mr. Cadogan.

During these operations, a discovery was made to Mrs. Orthodox and Mrs. Cadogan, the most distressing to a mother, the most interesting to a friend; the unhappy girl was visibly pregnant.

The state of horror and grief into which Mrs. Orthodox was plunged, is not to be expressed: it is only a mother that can conceive

ceive it. Mrs. Cadogan was less surprised, but equally affected.

Oh villain! exclaimed the mother, you have ruined my daughter; she is with child.

A thunderbolt might have transfixed the accused to the floor; it might have struck him dead, but if it left him with any sense of life, it could not have more astonished him; he knew how just the parent's reproaches were respecting her child's ruin; but though her situation was the natural effect of their connection, she had never dropped the slightest hint of it to him.

Confounded equally by the reproaches of the mother, the situation of the daughter, and the piercing eyes of the curate, he stood aghast.

Mrs. Orthodox continued exclaiming and weeping, till the unhappy girl revived, who, as soon as she understood the discovery that had been made, owned the fact, and ascribed her distress at the delay of their nuptials to that cause.

Perhaps

Perhaps such a confession, from the lips of a girl of eighteen, would have been better graced had it been accompanied by shame and sorrow. Lavinia was, in the present instance, superior to the weakness of her sex; and Henry felt the double tie on his faith and honour, at the instant, that the woman, who was to be his companion through life, appeared, for the first time, totally unamiable.

The mother's pleading, and the sister's entreaties, were now added to those of Lavinia. The necessity of the nuptials being immediately fixed, was self-evident: Henry, for his wife's sake, as well as his own, wished to conceal her situation; but knowing the justice, as well as tenderness of Mr. Franklin's disposition, he begged Mr. Cadogan to plead their cause; and if nothing else could prevail on him to grant his consent, he was at liberty to disclose their mutual crime.

Mr. Cadogan gravely undertook to talk to Mr. Franklin, and invited Henry to accompany him in his walk to the manor; but

but how could Lavinia now part with him? she protested she would die first. He should not leave her, her fainting would return; she should expire: the curate was therefore constrained to walk alone, while Henry accompanied Lavinia to the rectory, where he continued till late in the evening, and then took his leave, under an absolute engagement to see her next morning.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### *Another Natural Event.*

A Post-chaise and four driving out of the avenue to Ether manor, just as Henry entered it, excited his curiosity. He enquired what company it had brought. Two ladies and their maid was the answer.

Little



Little interested in the intelligence, he retired to his room, and rang his bell.

Mat appeared within the half-open door. Has Mr. Cadogan been here?

Yes, Sir—Very well—so then, thought he, my fate is determined—he sighed—how long is it since he left the manor?

Mat had not forgotten the disgraceful manner in which he had been forced to quit the room a few hours before.

Not knowing, I can't tell, Sir, said Mat, what company is below.

Can't say, Sir, but believe they are vimen, by the uproar all over the house. What between vimen and parsons, we are in a blessed way. Supper's just going up, Sir.

Henry went down. On entering the saloon, he was agreeably roused out of the lassitude into which his concern had thrown him, by the sight of two elegant young women, one of whom, notwithstanding the difference of growth, three years absence, and the alterations from a white frock, and natural ringlets, to a smart riding habit, large hat, and enormous plume of feathers, his heart instantly

instantly recognized for his old friend. No longer the little, but the tall, elegant, and beautiful Clara Elton, he flew involuntarily to her feet, and with emotions, he found it impossible to repress, welcomed the sweet foundress of all his good fortune to Ether. Tears of gratitude dropped on her hand, from eyes, that while he bent on one knee before her, were rivetted on her face. The unexpected meeting with her, who, at so early a period of his life, had given him the first idea of beauty, filled him with various sensations: recollections, some of them as painful in the extreme, as others were pleasing, crowded on his imagination; feelings, altogether new and delightful, closed on his view of the world; there was nothing at that instant in existence, but Clara Elton and Henry Dellmore.

You seem, Henry, said Mr. Franklin in a grave solemn tone, to have forgotten, or not to have observed another stranger.

Ah! Sir, cried Dellmore, his eyes still fixed on Clara, can you wonder at my inattention to every other object? The grateful

ful transport of my soul, too strong for utterance, had carried me back to the moment this lovely friend returned my humble salute at the academy. Ah! Clara, your heavenly look, the mild lustre of your eye are the very same, and a tear still glistens in them. In you I behold the source of my benefactor's favours; I feel my wretched friendless situation. Ah! Sir, I was at the instant you spoke retracing my solitary way from East-Sheen, from the place where I had endured every evil that cruelty, ignorance, and ingratitude could inflict, almost naked, destitute of the common necessities of life, tired, and broken-spirited. I yet feel the gushing blood from my naked feet; nor can I recall the blessing of your charity, unaccompanied by Clara Elton—a gush of sensibility again sunk him at her feet; his sobs were audible, and the sweet girl echoed them, while her tears flowed and mingled with his.

Oh! Clara, always an angel: *to thee, to thee*—again was Henry silent.

Come,

Come, said Miss Elton, smiling through her tears, I did not expect any thing half so gallant one hundred and fifty miles from London, nor fancied you would recollect me after so long an absence. Dear Henry, continued she, returning with a modest frankness his embrace, you are much altered, yet I believe—yes, I am sure I should have known you. I must introduce you to my friend: Miss Nappier, Sir, you must remember; you see her person greatly improved, but beauty is, I assure you, Mr. Dellmore, Miss Nappier's least perfection. Jemima, I have long bespoken your partiality for my old acquaintance.

Henry paid his compliments to Miss Nappier. Time had not been so friendly to that lady's memory as it had to Miss Elton; her features, though strikingly handsome, and perfectly known, were totally forgotten. Both our hero and Jemima protested, each was grown out of all kind of knowledge; the renewal of old friendship was nevertheless equally pleasing to all parties.

Miss



Miss Franklin, secure in Henry's attachment to Lavinia, and sure, from that circumstance, that the blooming beauty of her young guest would have no power over her favourite, was rejoiced to see Clara, and perfectly easy in the unaffected attention Dellmore paid her.

Mr. Franklin had settled this excursion for his ward, when he visited her at East-Sheen; but whatever his reasons might be for the concealment, he had not dropped the least intimation concerning it, to Henry, or his sister. The evening passed in the delightful re-union of congenial souls—all was harmony, peace, and good humour—smiles of satisfaction illumined the features of each person present. Mr. Orthodox was the only one of the party, who remembered there were other enjoyments than those merely mental; and the hilarity of the company gave him so good a pretence to indulge his glass after supper, that it was with some difficulty he could be supported to the carriage at the midnight hour.

How the rest of the family disposed of themselves is not to our present purpose. Henry's thoughts were too busy to suffer him to sleep: they were carried back to East-Sheen, where a thousand childish amusements recurred to his thoughts; in every scene of which Miss Elton was the principal figure; and strange to tell, yet true as strange, neither Lavinia Orthodox, her melancholy situation, Miss Franklin, nor her disgusting passion, nor the commission he had given the curate, once obtruded themselves, or their consequences, on his imagination—all was innocence, virtue, and Clara Elton.

Long before the rest of the family were stirring, Henry had hailed the returning light of the glorious orb, that would again bless him with the sight of Clara. He longed for the hour of breakfast, and summoned Matthew, before he was well awake, to dress his hair; he was ordered to take particular pains, and be expeditious.

Mat obeyed without speaking; he loved his master, and conscious all his offence  
was

was the consequence of that love, he could not help resenting a treatment as new as, in his opinion, it was unmerited.

Matthew Hudson was, as I have informed my reader, son to the landlady of the Buck's-head. Now, it is well known, that the best inn or public-house in a village one hundred and fifty miles from the metropolis, is the seat both of wisdom and information; there weddings are celebrated, and there the mourners refresh themselves after the fatigue of weeping for their deceased friends; there battles are decided, and law-suits commenced: it is the fountain of intelligence, and the tomb of discretion; it is indeed the every thing to every body, in a remote village. The master and mistress of such an enviable repository must, if they are not wise indeed, be great fools.

Mrs. Hudson's accomplishments having been already enumerated, her reputation, on the score of sagacity, is, I flatter myself, firmly established. What I have therefore now to say is of her husband, a person distinguished by a red woollen cap, a blue apron,

apron, and long pipe, remarkable for his taciturnity when sober, and his loquacity when in liquor.

Old Mat was, at all times and seasons, an inveterate enemy to vimen: there were times indeed, when it would not have been quite so safe for him to avow his sentiments publicly, but he paid it off in private. Why now, says Old Mat, was it not a voman that dealt with the devil himself, God blefs us; and did not a voman destroy the best boxer ever created, and b'ent they always in mischief. Didn't lawyer Downe get all his money by an old hag, that disinherited her own children; and is there any fitch a thing as living in peace for um? Burn the best on um I say—young Mat was the only person in whom his father chose to confide these his opinions when sober; and notwithstanding he had so very clever a voman to his wife, when drunk, the whole parish heard him devoutly send all the vimen to the devil, without the least respect of persons. And indeed it may be justly said of that sex, their general uselessness is so notoriously known,



known, that it is a subject on which the most ignorant, in every other respect, can be extremely eloquent. Nay, it is often known to supply with matter for declamation, people who, on every other point are, as Doily says, damme.

Matthew adhered to his father's taste and example; he had at all times a very contemptible opinion of vimen! they were, in his opinion, poor creatures, a burthen to their families, and the best of them bad enough; but though his natural dislike might operate on his own conduct, he would not have presumed to meddle in his master's affairs, had he not been impelled by stronger reasons than the reader is yet acquainted with, and those he wished to communicate to Dellmore, out of pure love; it was therefore he resented the ill requital of his good intentions, with a bitterness as foreign to his own natural disposition, as the severity with which he had been treated was to that of his master.

Well Mat, said our hero, every disagreeable retrospect sunk in the image of beauty  
and

and felicity that then filled his soul. You like handsome women. What say you to the London ladies ?

Will you have your curls dressed low, said Mat, sulcily ?

Do they look best so ?

Every body to their fancy, Sir—pinning them low nevertheless.

Didst thou ever see any thing half so handsome as Miss Elton ? asked Henry.

Yes, Sir, still sulky, answered Mat.

Where pray ?—At the rectory—It was a comparison very mal-a-propos—At the rectory—What a multitude of discordant ideas did it revive ! With what an amazing velocity did it tumble our poor hero from the pinnacle of pleasure to an abyss of bitterness and regret ! The sweet shade of Clara Elton glided from his mental view, and, in her stead, he beheld Lavinia Orthodox, after a pause, and two or three deep sighs.

Dost thou really think there is any comparison between the Miss Orthodoxes and those ladies ?

You do, I suppose, Sir, replied Mat in the same tone; and I would say my mother was handsome, rather than be kicked down stairs. "A close tongue," as father says, "makes a wise head, and a fool's bolt is soon shot." Rot the vimen, they bent worth talking of; though to be sure, continued he, his countenance brightening as he proceeded, if I must speak my mind, that Miss Elton looks of all the world as if there was no harm in she, and I dare say is as larned as Madam. There was she and t'other young gentlewoman talking outlandish, jabber, jabber, jabber. — No good, I suppose. Vimen's always in mischief. Mat might have gone on; he was in no danger of interruption. Henry was totally inattentive, nor seemed to feel the tugs, which at the word vimen the man gave his hair.

Has Mr. Cadogan been or sent?

He is now in the library—Henry coloured—Parsons, continued Mat, are little better than vimen, always meddling, and making good no where but at church, nor  
hardly

hardly there—dare say some mischief's going on.

Methought Henry, the good man will, doubtless, prevail for poor Lavinia.

Yonder are the Lunnon ladies, cried Mat, walking about ; that Miss Elton is as straight as an arrow. Mrs. Gertrude now says all the town ladies wears wigs, and, to be sure, Madam Franklin a got a peerless fine new one ; but now I should like to know whether them same long locks grows to her head or not.

Henry's eyes were fixed on the same object. Miss Elton's white levet was finely set off by the long blown ringlets that almost reached her waist.

Vel, said Mat, observing Henry, I say nothing ; but if one was obliged to have one or t'other, to be sure, leering as he left the room, Miss Lavy for ever !

It was well for Mat he escaped with the last sentence. Our hero was in no humour for joking. The full view of Clara Elton was a very serious matter, in the moment he knew Mr. Cadogan was ex-



erting all his powers to prevail on Mr. Franklin to consent to his marriage with Lavinia Orthodox.

The ladies still continued walking in his view, but he had not courage to join them. He every moment expected a summons to Mr. Franklin on a business that would disqualify him for the entertainer of the ladies. Every door that opened, every bell that rang, brought the colour into his cheeks; his heart sunk, and a fit of trembling seized his limbs.

After near an hour spent in the most anxious uncertainty, he saw from his window Mr. Cadogan returning to the village, and the breakfast bell put him for the present out of his pain. He found Mr. Franklin and the ladies already assembled; it was some time before he could assume courage to look in his benefactor's face; it was still longer before he could venture to meet the eye of Clara Elton. As soon as breakfast is over, thought he, I shall know my doom.—He was mistaken.—Mr. Franklin, instead of inviting his usual attendance,

tendance, formally consigned the ladies to his care, and walked out alone.—Doctor Orthodox was closeted with Miss Franklin, and the young party retired to the saloon, where musical instruments of various kinds tempted them to a little concert.

Miss Orthodox had played, and that not seldom, on Mr. Franklin's harpsichord; she had likewise often attempted to sing—how imperfect is expression!—without raising any emotions either of admiration or tenderness in her auditors. Henry played well himself; his soul was attuned to harmony; he bore with Lavinia's feeble attempts to please, because he saw she did her best; but when the instrument was shut, it was always a relief to him. *Now* Clara Elton played; she sung; the strains of the immortal Handel received melody from her performance, and her voice thrilled on his ears in raptures he was before a stranger to. How rapid is the flight of time! how short the hours devoted to involuntary passions! The clock struck three before they thought of dress, and

the dinner hour was four : it was then time to part ; Clara and Jemima to their toilet, Henry to his apartment.

At dinner Mr. Franklin was all placid goodness ; he addressed our hero with additional tenderness ; addressed him and his ward in the same style ; calling them his children, his dear children. The uniting them thus in his kindness called a lovely blush into Clara's cheeks, while it turned Henry's pale. When the cloth was removed, Now then, said Henry, *now* I shall hear my sentence from his lips. Again he was mistaken ; the interview he expected was carefully avoided, notwithstanding Mr. Franklin did not indulge in his afternoon's nap.

This suspense, said Henry, is more terrible than the most dreadful certainty. I will see Cadogan, and take the rectory in my way. Not till that moment did he recollect the engagement he had made to be with Lavinia in the morning.

Miss Lavinia could not be seen. Mr. Franklin he heard had been with her. He proceeded

proceeded to the village—Again disappointed—Mr. Cadogan was out, and as he could not begin the subject, neither did Mrs. Cadogan open her lips on any but of indifferent matters.

He therefore returned to the manor in a state of suspense and disquietude truly pitiable; but it was quickly changed to one in his estimation as truly enviable. He had the happiness of handing tea to Miss Elton; of supporting her in a strole through the park; of sitting next her at supper; of retaining her soft hand, which she extended to him on bidding him good night, from the saloon door quite across a large hall to the foot of the stairs, and he there, unreprieved, imprinted on it a kiss, that ill accorded with his recent vows to Lavinia.

On entering his chamber he found on his writing-desk the following note:

“The imprudence of your conduct, tho’ palliated by every friendly indulgence, is absolutely indefensible. My regard for you will induce me to take every precau-



tion to conceal the situation of Lavinia. I do not approve of your marriage. You will for ever disoblige me if you think of it. You may rely on my care of Miss Orthodox. I repeat, if, after a year's residence in London, you then wish to be united to Lavinia, or the lady claims from you the engagement I suffered you to make with her, I will not then oppose your union.

“ You cannot doubt how dear your welfare is to me, nor suspect I shall be wanting in every humane attention to Lavinia ; but you will not be admitted to see her, nor need you feel a moment's distress on that account, as she is perfectly happy in my protection. Time will elucidate my motives. I am not fond of mystery ; but this is a necessary one.

“ I shall not hint to my sister your future destination. You will return to Oxford, and from thence to London ; but of that I will talk to you : it is on subjects I disapprove, on a conduct I must condemn, only, that it is irksome to me to converse with you.

“ B. FRANKLIN.”

Good

Good God ! cried Henry, after perusing the letter, what can this mean ? Why is it that I am suffered to consider my engagement inviolable, and yet am forbidden to see the poor girl in a situation so interesting to humanity ? What can my honoured friend mean by his mystery ? but, he says, Lavinia shall be his care. Happy Lavinia ! far happier than the unfortunate Henry could have made thee. I know I may depend equally on his honour and compassion. Oh ! sure, whatever other changes may be brought about in the course of the year, my honour is engaged to thee, thou poor ruined girl. Sleep again refused its courted opiate. Far less happy, did he spend this night than the last. But I know not how I shall reconcile the conduct of my hero to the tender, blushing, constant, dear little Novel Readers, who will all, I fear, condemn him as a faithless knight, when they are told, that on another morning, spent in the saloon with Clara Elton, he was shewed the absurdity of repining at events that human foresight could not prevent, nor the

most poignant regret recall; nay, more—he coincided in opinion with his patron, that he was too *young to marry Miss Orthodox*.

At dinner Mr. Orthodox informed them that his youngest daughter was that morning set out on a visit to an aunt of her mother's, who lived in Derbyshire, and being in a very ill state of health wished to see her. The old lady, he said, was rich, and had sent for her; so that she could not have the honour of attending the young ladies, but Hannah would be proud to wait on them.

Dellmore started—turned pale; meeting the bright eyes of Clara his colour changed to red; from hers he ventured to look at Mr. Franklin; all there was so placid, serene, and composed; he instantly conceived what was true, that Lavinia's visit to her aunt was a preconcerted one, with which he was well acquainted. Miss Franklin too brightened up; her rival removed was a joyous event to her.

You are very good, Sir, said Miss  
Elton,

Elton, and with my guardian's leave we shall be happy to see Miss Orthodox.

Oh! cried Jemima, by all means; a third is always company among girls. May we walk down and fetch the young lady?

The way, Miss Napper, to avoid error, replied Mr. Franklin, is to be less hasty; the doctor will bring his daughters to visit you in very good time; and as to company among girls, the best third is one of a different sex; him you have.

The grave negative on their wish was very unusual to him. His indulgence to his ward was rather carried to an excess; but the truth is, he did not consider an intimacy with Miss Orthodox, as a matter that would contribute to the happiness she appeared now to enjoy; and Henry glanced a look of involuntary gratitude at him for the thought.



## CHAPTER XIX.

*In which the hero, according to rule in novel-writing, is at the point of death.*

THREE days more passed at the manor, in which little space, although when Miss Elton arrived Henry was, as he thought, on the point of marriage, he was clearly convinced he was now, for the first time, violently in love. Poor Lavinia was as entirely forgotten as if she had not been in existence; and nothing in the world was thought of or wished for but Clara Elton. An unlucky fit of the tooth-ach prevented Mrs. Orthodox from accompanying her husband to the manor; and the ladies were too well satisfied with the society of Henry, to be very solicitous about other company; but the peace of the little party was in a few days interrupted, by the intelligence brought from the servants-hall, by Mrs. Fanny Pelton, Abigail to Miss Elton.

Comb

Comb my hair quite out of curl, said Miss Elton. Yes meme—Pray meme do you know Mr. Dellmore is going to be married?—Married—not I indeed—to whom, pray?

To Miss Orthodox, meme—the one that's gone to see her aunt—Lord! how the girl lugs my hair! Who told you so? Meme, it was Mr. Edward, Mr. Franklin's own man; but Mrs. Gertrude, Miss Franklin's woman, says that its all a joke, for that the young 'Squire is engaged to her lady.

What nonsense, Fanny, have you been picking up! Henry engaged to a woman old enough to be his mother! it can't be! Why, so I say, meme; but this Miss Orthodox they say, is very handsome, meme, and very fond of Mr. Dellmore, meme; and the 'Squire consents, Mr. Edward says, meme; and it would have been a match, meme, before we came down, meme. Only don't pull my hair off my head, girl, peevishly, interrupted Clara. Oh! dear meme; no, I am sure I thought I handled it as gingerly as could be, meme.

Well,

Well, Fanny, but what prevented the match, asked Jennima?

Why, meme, the old aunt fell sick, meme; and, indeed, I hate old aunts, they are always perverting young people's settling. I was once, meme, out-asked myself; and, if you'll believe me, meme—How your tongue runs, Fanny! cried Clara; Why don't you answer Miss Napper's question?

Meme, I certainly did answer it, as far as I knew: it was the aunt, meme, that put off the marriage; and I was going to tell Miss Napper how I was served myself, meme—the thing was as this:

Well, well; make haste and finish my hair. Mrs. Fanny did as she was commanded, and her lady being in a far greater hurry to dismiss her, than anxious about ornamenting her person, she was ordered to go down—and Fanny, said Miss Elton, don't ask any questions; but if Mr. Edward should drop any thing more, give him the hearing.

Yes,

Yes, *meme*, answered Fanny, instantly lowering her voice, and putting on the important air of *chargé des affaires*.

And Fanny, said Jemima, if you hear any thing more of the old woman, pray let us hear it.

Oh! to be sure, *meme*, said Fanny, as she shut the door. Clara looked at Jemima, and Jemima looked at Clara. Clara sighed—only think, said Jemima—I wish, cried Miss Elton, we had seen this Lavinia. We will see the sister, answered Miss Napper—again Clara sighed.

What a young hypocrite! said Jemima. Married! Oh! 'tis a pity he should be disappointed.

Well! cried Clara, I'd give the world to know the truth of this story.

I'll know it before I sleep, answered Jemima; we will find our way to the rectory now, and get acquainted with Hannah, as her odious father calls her. I dare say they are both figures. Miss Elton seldom said, or approved of, an ill-natured expression. In this surmise of Miss Napper's, however, she



she agreed, and, in the evening, the two friends went arm in arm to the rectory.

Miss Jemima knew very well how to talk of an impertinent intrusion. She was particularly voluble; and the London lady, being of vast importance, soon reconciled Mrs. Orthodox to the dishabille in which they caught both her and her daughter.

They really longed much to see Miss Orthodox—were impatient at the continual delays that deprived them of that pleasure, more especially as she was the only well-bred young lady in the place—they therefore could no longer desist from paying her a visit, and would not return to the manor without so amiable a guest. Mrs. Orthodox was too good-natured—Miss Napper read it in her countenance—to refuse them.

Flattering as those compliments were, and conscious as she then was of Lavy's folly, the fond mother could not forbear gratifying her vanity, by an empty boast of her fallen daughter.

She

She was vastly obliged to the good ladies, and Hannah should attend them; but she was monstrous sorry Lavinia was not at home: because Lavinia having been bred a gentlewoman, and learnt every thing in the world, at the Bristol boarding-school, would have been a charming companion for them.

Miss Elton modestly asked, whether Miss Orthodox had not shared her sister's advantages in point of education, and was astonished to hear the mother's answer, viz. that Lavy being by far the handsomest, she thought she could do no less than give her the best learning; the very reason, Clara could not help observing, that it should have had a contrary effect.

While Mrs. Orthodox thus entertained the ladies, her daughter was run up to *tighten* herself, fit, as she said, to walk with them. The business of the toilet, for a party of females *only*, is soon concluded, and the fair trio set out, Miss Orthodox in the middle, the subtle Jemima on one side, and Clara Elton on the other. Vain of the notice  
taken

taken of her by such fine ladies, Hannah's heart was on her lips; she admired Miss Elton's cap, Jemima's hat, the cut of their undress, and the shape of their stays; of all which she was promised patterns, a promise the more acceptable, as she had now great hopes of soon figuring in genteel life. She was likewise instructed in the manner of making up millinery; and, when they reached the manor, being taken directly to the ladies apartments, a cap, the same as that she so much admired, was presented to her, with a cargo of ribbons and flowers: those acts of kindness were followed with a pressing invitation to East-Sheen.

What heart could resist such friendship! what tongue be silent in such company! Miss Orthodox was not; she was fairly coaxed out of the loves of Henry and Lavinia, all but the pregnancy; she had yet cunning enough to conceal, what, when told, would be a reproach on herself. Her finale of the matter was, that 'Squire Franklin not chusing Mr. Dellmore should marry so young, had prevailed on her mama

to send Lavy out of the way to Derby, where they had an aunt, under pretence of her being ill, and had furnished money for the excursion unknown to her papa.

Poor thing ! cried Jemima, in a voice of compassion ; I declare I pity her ; was she not vastly distressed ?—it must shock her extremely.

Why ! no, I can't say it did, answered Miss ; Mr. Franklin was above an hour with her alone : we heard her cry, and sob at first very much, but it was soon over, and she set off chearful enough. Mr. Cadogan went with her ; but I beg, dear ladies, you won't drop a word of what I tell you ; neither the 'Squire nor my mama would ever forgive me.

Ah ! not for the world, said both ladies.

Well, but my dear Miss Orthodox, and how did Dellmore take the parting—again asked Jemima.

He knew nothing of the matter.

How could that be said, Miss Elton ?

I do



I do not know for certain, whether 'Squire Franklin told him ; but if he did not, nobody else did.

I suppose, resumed the artful Jemima, they feared he would have striven to prevent her journey, or gone with her.

That I dare say he would, replied Hannah—Meme, said Fanny, who had just then entered, Miss Franklin, and the 'Squire, and Mr. Dellmore, have been making quite an inquisition for you, and meme, whispering Miss Elton, I have a vast deal to tell you.

Do, Jemima, wait on Miss Orthodox down ; I will follow instantly.

Fanny's intelligence exactly tallied with what they had just heard from Miss Orthodox ; it confirmed the engagement, and it turned Miss Elton so sick she could not attend the tea-table.

Dear Clara, cried Henry, bursting into her dressing-room, what is the matter ? let me get you something. Where is your malady ? let me fly to call in assistance ; you are pale, my Clara. Has any thing  
happened

happened to disconcert you? repose your cares in my fond bosom, or tell me, for God's sake, what I can do for my Clara.—Your Clara! Sir, answered she with an air of disdain, you forget your Lavinia.

Henry was speechless.

I am better; I will go to the saloon.

Henry followed: the vivacity of his looks, the gaiety of his manner, and the ease of his heart, all turned to anguish and despair; he beheld the guest the young ladies brought home with them, and saw his fate in the communications he suspected she had made.

But why he should feel all the oppression of guilt, why tremble at the looks of Miss Elton, was a secret to himself; as though the progress of his passion for her had been equally rapid and violent, he had let nothing escape his lips, that could be construed into what is commonly called making love. His eyes, indeed, were very eloquent, and the various symptoms, by which a sincere attachment may be proved, without the assistance of words, were visible enough.

Miss

Miss Elton had fancied she perfectly understood Henry Dellmore; and she now fancied she had found her mistake. Indeed he did not increase in her good opinion from the story of Lavinia, though she thought proper to treat him with a vast deal more politeness. Instead of Henry, it was Sir; and the Mr. was cautiously added to Dellmore; his offered arm was either rejected or avoided, and she firmly resolved to be very reserved to him as long as she continued at Ether.

So visible a change, in the behaviour of the sweetest girl in the world, did not escape Mr. Franklin's notice. Miss Franklin remarked it. Mr. Orthodox thought her quite right, but poor Henry was miserable.

It was not, however, in the nature of Clara Elton, to keep up a conduct, which she could not but see inflicted pain. Her intended new regulations vanished at sight of Henry's pallid cheeks: it soon became necessary for her to assume the office of comforter. The sense of his engagement  
with

with one woman—an engagement sanctified by every tie human and divine, and ratified by the consent of his paternal friend, while his whole soul, every wish, and every desire, were devoted to another, affected his health, and alarmed all his friends. In this number the least solicitous, the least alarmed, was not Miss Franklin; she would nurse him, she would sit up, she would not leave him.

A fever, of which Doctor Gregory made the very most, overwhelmed Miss Elton with grief; and Fanny declared there was not a dry eye below. She was, on this occasion, Miss Elton's favourite messenger—tell him, Fanny, cried Clara, in a faltering voice, and vainly endeavouring to conceal her tears, tell him you came from me, that I hope he is better. Dear me, meme, said Fanny, what an Argus that old gentlewoman is! she is always about the bed—no such thing as peeping. I am sure, meme, God forgive me, I wish she had the fever instead of Mr. Dellmore.

The



The next day Fanny was more lucky; Henry having rested tolerably, Miss Franklin was gone to lie down.

Fanny approached the bed on tip-toe—My mistress, Sir, begs her compliments.

You are Miss Elton's servant, are you not? To be sure, Sir, I am, and I have, I dare say, tried forty times to get to your speech.

God bless you, my good girl! have you a message to me from Miss Elton?

I have had one every hour since you took to your bed, Sir. Miss Elton desired I would tell you—Henry started up, lest he should lose a syllable. What did Miss Elton desire you to tell me?

Out upon thee, forward wench, cried a voice, entering the room, hast thou already acquired boldness enough to converse with men who are naked in bed?

As to boldness, mame, said Fanny, I really can see no more of that in a young woman, mame, than an old one. I came to Mr. Dellmore from my lady; and, mame, I dare say, Miss Elton would scorn a bold  
act,

as much as Miss Franklin, or any miss in the world, meme.

Be gone, impertinence. Fanny returned muttering, while Miss Franklin became a prey to the most violent jealousy ; her passion, so long restrained, grew too potent to be any longer kept in decent bounds ; another obstacle to her wishes she now saw in Clara, and not only herself, but her maid, was employed to watch every motion of that young lady as well as her friend.

In the mean time Henry, elated with the kindness he fancied Clara meant in her inquiries, recovered, though slowly, and Mr. Franklin, embracing him, declared his company was necessary to his existence.

The peace and tranquillity, however, that his sickness interrupted were not restored with *his* health ; the fine flow of spirits Miss Elton brought with her into the country was no more ; her appetite was lost, and a return to East-Sheen proposed by Miss Jemima, as the only means

of re-establishing the health of her friend : it was not only this alteration in Clara that rendered the manor now an unpleasant dwelling ; the whole turn of Miss Franklin's behaviour was altered ; she affected a haughty and silent reserve whenever her brother left the apartments, and was barely polite when he was present.

Henry, conscious that he could not offer his hand where his heart was so fondly devoted, was silent when with Clara, and wretched when absent from her. — Miss Elton was uneasy and dissatisfied, Miss Jemima tired to death of the country, and Fanny wearying her mistress with the continual affronts she received from Mrs. Gertrude ; yet still was Clara loth to leave Ether : a certain attraction, a hidden magnet detained her, even after she was convinced her stay there was destructive to her peace, and prejudicial to her health. At length the extraordinary behaviour of Miss Franklin, the teizing of Jemima, and, above all, the conviction of her own heart, determined her : she pleaded, that the air did

did not agree with her, which appeared to be true, and persuaded her guardian to let her return to East-Sheen.

It is not possible to paint the feelings of Henry when the day was fixed for the commencement of their journey; the agonies he felt were inexpressible, and the contest in his mind, whether he should or should not let her depart without revealing to her the situation of his mind, was painful and violent. After beginning fifty letters without finishing one; after resolving and re-resolving, repeating over and over every argument pro and con, he finally determined, that, situated as he was, it could not be honourable to attempt to make an interest in her affections, and to give one sigh to her generous heart, by a knowledge of his misery; it would be pain to her, without relieving himself. Clara had her secret wishes and her secret griefs; but they parted without an exchange of confidence. Mr. Franklin had business in London; he therefore escorted her back to East-Sheen.



Henry trembling handed Clara into the coach ; a dead silence was observed on each side ; Clara could not trust her voice or eyes ; but Jemima, who rejoiced at returning to scenes much more to her taste than the dull country could afford, gaily bade Henry apprise her of Lavinia's return, declaring she would dance at his wedding ; and with this comfortable assurance the coach drove off, leaving Henry to the sad consolation of his own thoughts.

What a change was now perceptible at the manor ! how gloomy ! how forlorn ! Two months had imperceptibly glided on ; it was a period of rapture, of delight, and of anguish. He had from the moment of Clara's arrival felt the difference between a mere temporary boyish attachment and a serious passion : he had indulged the bias of his heart for an amiable beautiful girl, and from her behaviour, though untinctured by prudery or affectation, he had drawn conclusions little, very little to the advantage of his affianced wife. He wondered,

dered, on examining the features of Miss Elton, how he could ever think Lavinia handsome, and the grossness of her manners, now he had seen in Clara what true delicacy was, filled him with disgust; but what availed a retrospect so tormenting? his fate was fixed; he might be miserable, but Henry Dellmore would not deserve to be so.

## CHAPTER XX.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men

"Which, taken at the flood, leads on  
to fortune."

*Shewing how our hero missed that flood.*

NOW, thought Miss Franklin, now I shall compass my wishes; now I will come to an eclairsissement with this young man, and, if possible, settle the whole matter before my brother returns.

Very unfortunate was this poor lady in all her attempts to captivate; what she meant should fascinate created disgust. How could a mind, filled with the lovely image of Clara Elton, accept such a substitute! It was in comparison with Miss Franklin, and then only, that he thought Lavinia irresistible; and what must the contrast

contrast now be, when an object (in his opinion divine) possessed his whole heart?

Henry was low-spirited, inactive and inanimate; he had not patience to endure Miss Franklin; her hints were wilfully misunderstood, nor was one tender glance returned; his stupidity enraged, and surprised her; but as she had no idea of the delicacy in a female that ought to seal her lips, and conceal desires that might be gratified, without offending the laws of society, or violating those of custom, it was a very short period indeed that she confined herself to hints and signs. On the evening before Mr. Franklin's return from London, Henry mortally offended Miss Franklin by a plain answer to as plain a question.

There are some things a woman can never forgive; a slight offered to her person or affections is an injury, which time and reflection always strengthen; it is renewed in every succeeding occurrence of her life; if on a second attachment she is more fortunate, how is the first insensibly lowered, and how contemptible his want of taste



appears, in comparison with him whose sentiments are so amiably different, and who had penetration to distinguish the value of the slighted gem ; if unhappily a second ill-placed affection is followed by a second rejection, how is the sense of the first injury inflamed by a recollection, that otherwise the last insult could not have been offered.

It is true, Miss Franklin had never before been what is called in love ; but whether her not having been a votary to the soft-passion at an earlier period of her life, were the effect of the studious turn she had taken—whether her profound learning or abstruse employment, which so entirely secluded her from the world, and in a great measure preserved her from temptation, or from a natural coldness of disposition, were the cause of her insensibility to love, I cannot determine ; she did not however find in herself a desire to descend from the alt, where learning and Doctor Orthodox had placed her, but began to think she had lost a great deal of time, which might have been

been far more agreeably filled up than in her closet.

The warmth and avidity with which she pursued her new and favourite plan clearly proved, that though they had so long lain dormant, Miss Franklin had strong passions. A disappointment to such a woman, at so advanced a time of life, was therefore the harder to bear : the pride which set her above common forms aggravated the indignity she received, when, prompted by her own extravagant hopes, the last thing she expected was a rejection. She had not considered it as the universal privilege of the human heart to make its own election ; implicit compliance with her wishes was, she conceived, her due, and looking on Dellmore as the creature of her bounty, she laid a claim to the return of her favour most agreeable to herself.

Consequently she rather demanded than courted the heart of our hero, not sublime enough in her own ideas to apprehend that the advances she was making cre-

ated disgust instead of love, and abhorrence instead of desire.

Dellmore evaded an explanation as long as possible ; but when the lady dropped all disguise, he thought it consistent with his own honour to be as explicit as herself.

The visible contempt with which Miss Franklin's first passion was repulsed, the little ceremony used in the rejection of her kindness, though it did not raise a modest blush on her cheek, fired the soul of female learning. Henry was forbidden her sight ; and the good Mr. Franklin found on his return home his sister foaming with rage, and the young man full of vexation.

It was in vain he expostulated, intreated, reproved, and condemned ; with as little success did he remind the implacable fair one of her age, sex, and rank ; all she recollected was, the first was a reproach, the second had been insulted, and the latter despised by the object she had honoured with her notice.

For the first time in his life Mr. Franklin was accused by his sister of being wanting  
in

in brotherly love, of a proper sense of the dignity of his house, and of the respect due to *his* family. How could he retain under his roof the ingrate, who had so deeply wounded the peace and pride of his only sister! an upstart, who owed her more than life. Was it for him to refuse the offered hand of a woman who could talk Latin, whose firm soul glowed with the ardent spirit of patriotism! and was such an indignity to be forgiven? No; Did her brother prefer the minion to her? she would no longer contaminate the sublimity of her ideas by associating with a wretch who had no soul; he should not appear in her sight, nor would she on any terms condescend to eat at the same table with such an insensible ingrate.

The disappointment of a first passion, particularly when it begins at the time it is generally expected to end, is, it must be confessed, a provoking, though not altogether a new circumstance.

It may be said, in extenuation of Henry's unthankfulness, that young men are *some-*



*times so obstinate, to say nothing of their stupidity, as to slight the favours of elderly ladies, though enforced by extreme liberality on one side, and as extreme poverty on the other.*

This was precisely the case at the manor, and the consequence was, that the sweet peace and unanimity which had hitherto reigned there, the urbanity of its master, the placidity of its mistress, and the happy content of the family, were entirely destroyed.

Mr. Franklin loved Dellmore, but his sister was still dearer to him: he had not influence to persuade, nor resolution to command her; he saw she was borne away by the excess of a passion equally derogatory to her own honour, and that of her sex; and while the person, who raised the hurricane, was in sight, it was not to be hoped that reason would resume its sway. Faulty as she was, still she was his sister, his dear Mary, her on whom he had ever lavished a father's tenderness, who had from her birth engrossed his fondest affection, to see her unhappy was death to him, and while

while Dellmore continued at the manor she could not be otherwise; yet, whatever fraternal love could urge on the side of the lady, neither the merits, the engaging qualities, and still less the unhappy circumstances of Henry, were forgotten. In the same moment that he reluctantly determined to remove from his sister a person who, from being her first favourite, was become obnoxious to her, he made a resolution, from which he was resolved not to recede, of rendering the young man in every other respect perfectly happy; his fortune was very large, and whether Henry's turn might lead him to business or not, he could amply provide for him: he considered himself as bound to contribute all in his power to the happiness of his sister, but not to the disposal of his fortune, and he could do every thing for Henry without her knowledge. He must, indeed, in that case deprive himself of the society of an amiable youth, whose manner, and whose grateful disposition, gave him the

the most sensible pleasure; but the resentment, I might have said virulence, of his sister encreasing, of the two disagreeables, he chose, as was customary with him, *that* most acceptable to *others*, and least so to *himself*.

Mr. Franklin was the essence of peace; all opposition was to him inexpressibly painful: he had also acquired an habit of indolence that rendered it tiresome, and his fraternal affection coinciding with a love of quiet, and the lassitude of his temper, he seriously entered on the plan he had long formed for the settlement of our hero.

The banking-house, in which his fortune was raised, yet flourished. The integrity of the partners was as well known as the immensity of their wealth. Their connections and correspondence were among the first characters in the commercial line, and might be still more extended. Mr. Burgess's hinted his intention to let his nephew succeed him, which suggested the same thought in Mr. Franklin in behalf of our hero; and however averse the third partner, Mr. Levisage

visage might be, to continue a division of a sure source of wealth, he had the prudence to conceal it, well knowing he could not oppose the wishes of the respectable partners without altering the firm of the house; and, in that case, all the valuable connections would, of course, fall on the founders of the business.

Mr. Franklin, with this kind intention, wrote to Mr. Burgess, who advised sending the young man to him, that he might attend the Bank, from his house with his nephew, a twelvemonth, previous to the final adjustment of the old, and establishment of the new firm.

The arrangement of the good quakers pleased Mr. Franklin so much, that he would have immediately adopted it, had not a sudden rash step of our hero's entirely frustrated the design, and every other plan preconcerted for his advantage.

In the intermediate space, between Mr. Franklin's writing to Mr. Burgess, and receiving his answer, Henry experienced the most disagreeable sensations from the vindictive



dictive spirit of Miss Franklin, and the proud contempt of her tutors. Two tables were kept; at one sat the lady and the Doctor, at the other the 'Squire and Dellmore. He intreated leave to take his meals at his own apartments, rather than thus disunite such a brother and sister; but though that was not suffered, he saw, with anguish, the trouble and distress his benefactor felt. The absence of the beloved sister, who had so long done the honours of his table, robbed him of his appetite; and the proscription of Henry, from all conversation with the offended lady, being extended to her brother, the inhabitants of the manor were divided into two miserable discontented parties.

Mr. Franklin's meals were short, silent, and uncomfortable. Unwilling to enter on a conversation that must lead to just reflections on his sister, and too full of grief to take pleasure in any other, he retired soon after the cloth was removed, leaving our hero a prey to melancholy.

There

There was no longer a Clara Elton to point to fresh raptures for every succeeding hour. Her voice was not heard in the saloon, nor could he trace her loved footsteps on the lawn. No Lavinia Orthodox to seduce him into a voluptuous forgetfulness of the present, or dread of the future moment; that young lady's power of charming was indeed totally ended. He sickened at the retrospect of those occurrences that had, so unintentionally on his part, led to an engagement, which, though he bewailed it with the utmost sincerity, he still held sacred. The agitation of his soul on that account was unspeakable: it was in tumults—for what, to a mind where honour and rectitude have any share, can be so distressing, as a consciousness of the right, while all its wishes lead to the wrong! Lavinia! the seduced, the unhappy Lavinia, had every plea of justice, of honour, of compassion, on her side. He felt her claims—he sighed at her situation—he regretted her attachment, and confessed his own ingratitude. But what is compassion,  
justice,

justice, or even honour, when opposed to the power of a lovely, accomplished, sensible, young woman, one to whom unknown, even to himself, his infant heart had been united: one whose person was, in *his* partial opinion, the standard of beauty, whose manners were the criteria of grace, elegance, and ease, whose soul was fraught with every virtue, and whose sentiments were congenial to his own.

To know this woman, and to recollect that his honour and faith were pledged to another, would have embittered every moment of Henry Dellmore's life, had he been spared the painful scenes now daily presented at the manor, where every thing was altered, even to the domestics. All, except honest Mat, were influenced by the conduct of their superiors. It was too visible to a common observer, that Henry was a falling favourite; and the few, whose affections out-lived the sun-shine of prosperity, treated him with a familiar kindness that hurt his pride, the others with neglect, bordering on insolence. Mr. Franklin avoided him as studiously as  
his

his sister, though from different motives. Doctor Orthodox viewed him with a kind of malignant contempt, peculiar to his own cast of features; and Mrs. Orthodox was cold, reserved, and silent: he did not indeed *weary* her with enquiries after Lavinia, but he felt, notwithstanding, the marked alteration in her behaviour.

But although the inhabitants of the manor, and those of the rectory, chose to assume a conduct towards him, so very different to that which he had been used to; and although their example spread like a contagion over the village, there was one little spot at Ether, where Henry Dellmore was yet esteemed, as the most worthy and valuable of characters, where his coming was hailed with joy, and from whence he never parted, without filling those he left with regret. Need I say this little spot was parson Cadogan's cottage house; there the attention paid him became more marked, more expressive and more tender, in proportion as the slights of others were more visible.

But



Yet the consolation this conduct afforded him, though it endeared to his heart the worthy curate and his wife, was blended with an inward mortification. In short, there was, he thought, something in it too like compassion, to be very desirable; or, if there were not, if his pride were improperly hurt, yet it conferred an obligation; and though Henry's feelings were always at ease in receiving favours from Mr. Franklin, his spirit made distinctions, some of them, as in the present instance, more nice than just.

I am the child of sorrow, said he, as he returned from the curate's to the manor. Mr. Franklin's charity relieved me from misery; but his benevolence had only power to shield me for a time, from the wretchedness to which I am the unhappy heir. Misery will still follow me; too well I know I am destined to experience the bitterest sorrow, sorrows wholly out of the power of time, or fortune, to alleviate. The misfortunes of my youth were light in comparison of those inflicted by my folly. The  
dif-

difficulties I have to encounter from my destitute lot, or from the caprice or vices of others, oh! what are they to those obstacles I have myself laid in the way of happiness. Oh Clara! Clara! thee I must give up: even hope, the last sad relief of a bursting heart, abandons me; and, if Mr. Franklin's goodness could conquer his sister's preposterous prejudice, could I stay under his protection, and marry Lavinia Orthodox, while Clara Elton is single, yet how avoid it? Are not my honour, my compassion, my faith, all equally engaged? and is not the poor girl's situation more binding on the heart of an honest man than even the ceremony that unites us? The sighs, the scalding tears that accompanied the arguments in favour of Lavinia, and matrimony, were proofs how opposite, in Henry's present situation, duty and inclination were; but though the conflict was painful, though every impulse of his soul led to Clara, yet as justice pointed to Lavinia, whatever were his wishes, they did not weaken his resolutions in her favour, though I will not say  
that

that those which succeeded were not strengthened, and that, perhaps, unknown to himself, by the possibility of at least delaying the completion of his engagement. As he approached the hospitable mansion, where his youth had found an happy asylum, where peace had long reigned in union with true urbanity, and where justice and generosity were undivided, the feuds that now disturbed the soul of his benefactor, recurred with double force to his imagination; and what am I, or of what consequence is my happiness, cried he, in comparison with that of the best of men? It is true, his goodness has nursed me in the very bosom of ease and plenty. My heart could form no wish that his liberality did not enable me to gratify. He bid me look forward with pride and hope, and he placed me above my own wishes: but ill should I requite his affection—ungrateful should I be to the Providence that protected me, if those advantages rendered me less able to support myself, than thousands who have been driven into the world with not half my advantages.

Shall

Shall I then, for the sake of a life of inactivity, embitter that of him, who has so abundantly supplied to me, the loss of every natural friend? No; rather may I be exposed to the wretchedness from which he relieved me: let me again become a hapless wanderer; I can easier support every hardship under heaven, than the idea of embittering the age of my benefactor. He had now entered the hall; a dead silence reigned in the best apartments, and he had a distant view of Mr. Franklin sitting in a pensive attitude alone, on a garden chair, where Miss Franklin had usually accompanied him. This sight, and a consciousness of the cause that occasioned so unsocial a division, gave force to those reasons, which now appeared absolutely indisputable, why he should leave Ether.



## CHAPTER XXI.

*A long Journey, and a short Chapter.*

THERE is a particular something in the idea of going into the great world, so attractively pleasing to the mind of man, that the difficulty and danger attending it are never thought of, or, if at all apprehended, the allurements of hope and fancy are too captivating to youth, to suffer them to hear the warning of reason, till experience has taught them, that the pleasantest part of the expedition is going out of it.

Henry had no sooner resolved on leaving the roof, where his presence occasioned grief to those who were entitled to every act that could have a contrary effect from him, than the flattering images, so seducing to youth on their setting out in life, arose in his mind; the gay parterre where flowers bloomed, where spring always reigned, was before him;

him; the storms, the chilling blasts of winter, were at Ether that very night he would set off.

The next thing to be considered was, what part of the property he had in his possession could he justly appropriate to his own use?

The bank notes, to the amount of 1000*l*. Mr. Franklin had given him, were yet (all but the 50*l*. he lent Captain Marsh) in his pocket-book: those were designed for the noble purposes of charity and benevolence, and therefore not *his* own; but his purse was very bountifully stocked, as the free gift of his patron; and he set about packing up as much linen and necessaries as a large portmanteau would hold, which when done, he revealed to Matthew his intention, and requested his assistance to convey it to Taunton.

That, and any thing else to serve his master, Mat would give; he would die before he would betray him; and he would also die before he would leave him. On his knees he begged he might accompany him;

it was immaterial where he went, he would follow him all over the world.

It was in vain Henry answered that he was friendless and unprotected; that a bare subsistence for himself was uncertain; that, at all events, he knew he had neither pretensions nor ability to keep a servant, and that it would be doing him an injury, which it was not in his power to repair, to take him from so good a master as Mr. Franklin.

Well, Sir, answered honest Mat, and if so be as you have no better friends, such a poor fellow as me may be the more fitter for you, and, besides, I can labour, if things goes hard, and you cannot; I don't want to be a burthen on you; I will work or beg for you; but, for the love of God, dear Sir, let me go. Here Sir, continued he, with an air of pride and independance, taking out of his pocket a leather bag, I have money enough; my master have just paid me half a year's wages, emptying on the table seven new guineas, a dollar, and some Queen Anne's half-crowns: these, continued

nued he, mother gave me; an I got more on um, and five crowns in my box; and so, Sir, added Mat, grinning and tossing the leather purse across the room, with a triumphant jerk, we'll gi the vimen the bag.

Notwithstanding Henry's agitated state of mind, he could not help laughing at Mat's utter spight against the vimen, which so encouraged the honest fellow, that nothing could prevail on him to give up the hope of sharing his fortunes; but being assured it would be of the most essential service to Henry, to know what passed at the manor on his absence, he, after much difficulty, agreed to remain at Ether, till he wrote, with directions, where he should follow him.

There is implanted in the human mind, a love of company, a desire for society, which is generally observed to be much stronger in youth than in age; the difference, I am afraid, cannot be accounted for with any credit to mankind.



Henry would have found great comfort in the company of his offered associate, but his native generosity would not suffer him to accept it, at the expence of the poor fellow's interest. He well knew it was not in his power to be of the least service to him; and as Mat was particularly favoured by Mr. Franklin, as well as doated on by his mother, he justly, as well as naturally, concluded, the leaving his service so clandestinely would not only disoblige his friends, but also, that his taking a country lad from the house, where it was so much his interest to stay, would be an aggravation of all his own errors.

Few people were worse qualified for, and less practiced in deceit, than Henry Dellmore; but considering a little artifice in this case, not only laudable but necessary, he suffered Mat to believe that he fully meant to send for him, as soon as he reached the metropolis, when, in reality, nothing was farther from his intention.

His things being all ready, our hero found himself exceedingly embarrassed about  
the

the manner in which he should quit the protection of the benevolent Mr. Franklin: he began several sheets of paper, and grew dissatisfied with each before they were half concluded. He wished to write all that the fulness of his grateful heart dictated; but he could not, in that case, well avoid making Miss Franklin a party in his acknowledgments, which he was too justly irritated against her, and too sincere to think of; nor could he mention the cause of his departure, without directly or indirectly alluding to her folly, and wounding the feelings of his benefactor; yet to leave the manor without one parting adieu, to the dear venerable friend to whom he owed so much, how could he do that? At length, after a thousand pros and cons, he snatched up a pen, and wrote in the case that inclosed the bank notes, as follows:

“ The object of your benevolence, Sir, abandons the place, where his presence occasions a disunion in the hearts of his best friends: he prays, he will ever pray for his

benefactor. He returns (all in his power) heart-felt thanks for your goodness.

“ The bank notes you intrusted to him, are all inclosed, excepting only one of 50*l.* lent under solemn promise of repayment, to a gentleman in distress. God preserve you, my ever honoured, my revered friend.

H. D.”

This note finished, he obeyed the summons to supper; Mat having previously obtained leave to visit his mother, and under that pretence, found means to carry Henry's portmanteau into an out-house, from whence he set off with it on a strong cart-horse, and reached Taunton, near twenty miles from Ether, in three hours, where also our hero joined him soon after on his own horse.

Supper was always a slight meal at the manor; it was now particularly so, and Henry found no difficulty in retiring early, so that his horse having been left by Mat ready saddled, he was not long after the faithful domestic, by whom he returned it.

Mat's

Mat's desires for seeing the world increased, as the moment of separation approached; and it was with great difficulty that he was prevailed on to return at last: his tears infected our hero, and not a little damped the ardour of those ideas that promised every thing desirable in the great world.

No stage being that day to pass through Taunton, our hero hired a chaise, and not meeting any other conveyance, continued that mode of travelling till he reached Somerton, where the call for horses had been so great, that there was, at the time he was into the inn-yard, but one pair, and those were bespoken for a gentleman, who was waiting for them with great impatience. He politely offered our traveller a seat with him to the next stage, which was readily accepted; and the time passed so much more agreeably with a companion, than without one, that the young men agreed to continue in company as far as they went the same route. The stranger was going

to Bristol, Henry's first intention was for



London; but the world was before him; Bristol was a mercantile city, second only in commerce to the metropolis, and it was quite as likely to answer his views. We are easily persuaded to what we feel ourselves inclined to do. The stranger was agreeable and insinuating; Henry good natured and unsuspecting. Could the travellers be otherways than warm friends, and is it easy for each to part?

CHAPTER XXII.

*Family Fracas, and fine feelings in a Miss of forty-five.*

MATTHEW returned home in time to wait at breakfast, and Henry not obeying the usual summons, he was ordered to seek him.

Mr. Franklin was beginning to express a kind of peevish surprise at his absence, when the packet was delivered to him, which Henry had left on his writing-table.

Mr. Franklin added to a generosity of heart, which extended itself to every part of the human species, a niceness of feeling, a keenness of sensibility, that while it rendered him susceptible of every pleasure, which he saw his fellow-creatures enjoy, made him also much more sensible of pain than many other very tender-hearted people. He had pre-resolved to send Henry from

Ether, in order to restore peace to his family; but the kindness and generosity of his intentions towards him were not, on that account, likely to suffer a diminution. When, therefore, the young man's elopement came to his knowledge, accompanied with the avowal of the motives for taking that step; when proof of the undeviating probity of his principles, in the return of the bank notes, met his eyes, it directly sunk in sorrow to his heart. His sister's atrocious folly became more the object of his anger than it had yet been. The natural placidity of his temper, now gave way to emotions of displeasure and regret. With a countenance glowing with indignation, he hastily entered Miss Franklin's closet; the open letter and notes in his hand too strongly affected him, for some time, to speak. The lady had time to read and examine the papers, before the fervour of his resentment and concern would suffer him to articulate; her colour underwent a variety of changes; her feelings, though difficult to describe, were of a nature no less

less painful than mortifying; they at length vented at her eyes, in a plentiful shower of tears. I am glad of it, said she, in a voice that contradicted the assertion.

What are you glad of, Madam? answered Mr. Franklin, in a tone of unusual asperity; that you have dishonoured yourself, your family, and your sex; that your preposterous passion has driven into an inhospitable world, an amiable, friendless orphan, whom the peculiar goodness of Providence threw in your way, that you might have the happiness of succouring one of the best objects of the creation? Shame, Mary, shame on you! you have been many years my adopted daughter. From *me* you have always experienced a paternal love, but you have totally forgotten your own orphan state; the sacrifice I have from my youth made of every wish, for the blessings of family endearments, have not power to enforce a conduct commonly decent from you. You are now determined to make me regret the want of those social ties that animate the vigour.



youth, and smooth the couch of age; and not only so, but you tear from my soul its two principal pleasures; you rob me of the power to esteem my sister, and will not suffer me to make alliance with merit in distress.

Miss Franklin had only, since she had been in love, learned inhumanity; that passion which, in its own proper season, harmonizes the senses, and softens the temper of every individual under its dominion, is not more different in its power than effect. When it forms the unnatural union it had in the present instance done, blending the folly and extravagance of youthful desire, with the fading charms and unattractive manners of mature age, she was shocked and grieved at the first glance of Dellmore's letter; but the circumstance which extorted her compassion and applause, was equally calculated to inflame the various passions that agitated her bosom, and the same moment, that brought to her idea the distress Henry might have to encounter, reminded her also, that distress would be the result of

of his own choice, a choice avowedly made to avoid her. Could the consequence of his unequivocal rejection of *her* love, his refusal to share ease and affluence with *her*, excite any thing but rage in the bosom of a maiden of forty and upwards? Let him go, cried she, in a rage; her features swelling with anger, it is time the wretch was removed, whose influence over the mind of my brother could stimulate him to reproach me with the loss we mutually sustained in the early death of our parents. The tears that followed this retort disarmed the resentment of her brother. He condemned himself for mentioning her obligations, and her misfortune of being left entirely dependent on him claim of that binding nature on his generosity, that he felt shame at the recollection of the expressions which anger had extorted from him. He saw his sister the slave of passion, and, as will ever be the case when reason is overcome by inclination, he knew that her deviation from propriety was its own punishment; he sighed at the little probability there was of  
a re-

a reformation before that passion was subdued, and nothing less than time appeared to him likely to accomplish that desirable end; he was therefore leaving he closet, when he was met at the door by Mrs. Orthodox, at whose entreaty he returned.

The entrance of this lady, uninvited and unannounced, exceedingly displeased Miss Franklin, but *her* angry looks, and her brother's sorrowful ones, were alike disregarded by the intruder. Full of her own cares, and too much afflicted to attend to those rules of good-breeding which it cost her no small pains to adhere to when her mind was at ease, she burst into tears, and, rather more vociferous in her grief than was consistent with female softness, she sobbed out, if Miss Franklin did not stand her friend, she was an undone woman; she was ruined for ever.

And pray, answered the lady haughtily, a mixture of scorn and anger in the interrogation, what is the matter now? Is your  
other

other daughter in love too? I hope *she* is not gone to visit her aunt.

Ah! dear Madam, then you have heard it, replied the simple woman. Pray, for God's sake, dropping on her knees, break it to the Doctor.

Break what, woman! cried Miss Franklin in amazement. What do you mean? Oh! dear Madam, I thought you knowed. Hannah is gone; she is loped, Lord knows. I could not help it. Pray, dear Madam, take my part; Mr. Orthodox will certainly kill me. Indeed, Sir, continued she, turning to Mr. Franklin, I am innocent. She went up stairs at ten o'clock last night, God help me, I thought to-bed, and this morning she was gone, not so much as the quilt rumped.

So—so—cried Miss Franklin, then your amiable orphan, Sir, is not gone alone; doubtless a female companion in his flight is highly commendable; the Doctor is certainly under infinite obligations to him; one daughter would not suffice. As to you, Mrs. Orthodox, blame yourself for  
your



your childrens' imprudence; if you had not encouraged improper company at the rectory, this could not have happened. I pity your husband, but *you* deserve every thing.

Mrs. Orthodox would have pleaded, she would have remonstrated, but the lady, impressed with the idea that Hannah had gone off with Dellmore, could only consider her as the mother of girls more agreeable to the man she loved than herself: all the feelings of womanhood, the mother's sorrow, and the wife's distress, were swallowed up in that single reflection. She would not be prevailed on to retract her first assertion; namely, that Mrs. Orthodox had no more than her deserts in the affliction her daughter's ill conduct caused, nor could the poor woman's intreaties influence her to promise the least interference on her behalf with her husband; but with impenetrable scorn she commanded the petitioner to withdraw, and turned her back on her request, and on her tears.

Mr.

Mr. Franklin, however, more compassionate, as well as rational, led the still weeping Mrs. Othodox to his library. After inquiring into every particular of the elopement of her daughter, he adduced from the conduct of both her girls how necessary it was for the mother to reform her own conduct: the calamities in her family he charged directly on herself, and with more serious displeasure, though less acrimony, than his sister had used, attributed to *her* folly the primary cause of her daughter's misconduct.

Mrs. Orthodox had in common with other people of small sense, and a great share of cunning, flattered herself that no more of her own conduct had been observed by her neighbours than she had chosen should be visible to them; the hints that she was mistaken coming from so respectable a quarter exceedingly alarmed her. If Miss Franklin was as well informed as her brother, she was sure the next step would be to acquaint the Doctor with it, and then she was as sure the odium of every disagreeable

agreeable occurrence at the rectory would be attributed to her. Again she was on her knees, imploring his interference on her behalf, and promising a strict adherence to his instruction in her future conduct.

Mr. Franklin's was a heart that turned not from sorrow; from the severe monitor her tears quickly changed him into the compassionate friend, and he then questioned her as to the person on whom her suspicions fell as the companion of her daughter's flight.

Ashamed of detection in her folly, and affrighted at the consequences of a disclosure of it, Mrs. Orthodox, though she was well convinced it was Captain Marsh, stoutly denied her knowledge of a single person in the whole world, who was likely to have seduced her daughter to such a step. Thus the accident of her leaving Ether at the same time with Dellmore, and the similarity of their conduct, rendering it but too probable that Miss Franklin's conjectures were right, Mr. Franklin's regret on his account was a little abated by his

his disapprobation of what appeared to have been his conduct. This conclusion was not to Henry's advantage. Lavinia Mr. Franklin did not believe to owe her ruin to him; and it was possible he might be equally free from that guilt with Hannah; but there was a degree of libertinism in a connection with the two sisters that shocked and alarmed him: I need not say he did not acquaint Mrs. Orthodox with his suspicions; he comforted her, by hinting that it was possible her daughter might return to her an honest woman; and having assured her of his good offices with Mr. Orthodox he dismissed her, as the hour was near when he usually visited the manor, and she trembled at the thought of meeting him before he was mollified by the 'Squire.

That hour, however, passed without his appearing; his stay at home was protracted by an investigation of the event which had carried his wife from thence; and it was not without great bodily exertions he reached the manor before dinner was served up.

Mr.



Mr. Franklin, I have said, had promised Mrs. Orthodox to stand her friend with the Doctor, but he had not an opportunity of putting those his pacific intentions into practice, as, contrary to her fears and his expectations, the Doctor appeared perfectly serene on the occasion: it served, indeed, as fresh matter for reflection on his wife, and furnished the good man with new instances of her folly and unworthiness; but, to the surprise of the 'Squire, he found the father's peace was in no danger of suffering by the child's imprudence. Mr. Orthodox was superior to those feelings that affect common minds; thus had he reconciled himself to this event.

If Hannah be married, her husband must keep her; if she be debauched, I shall renounce her; either way I shall have a plague the less; but though this way of reasoning, with a few Latin quotations to the point, was in Miss Franklin's opinion sound logic, it was not truly so; he coloured his insensibility

sibility to the 'Squire, of whose rectitude and humanity he stood in great awe.

*He* had done his duty as a parent ; *he* could only furnish his family with precept and example : God must give them hearts to profit by one, and follow the other ; if they did not, a sure punishment would be the consequence of their wickedness and disobedience, and that punishment was better *here* than *hereafter* ; he would never see the undutiful wretch more, but he would pray for her. As to his substance, times were so hard, provision so dear, and the expences of keeping a family so high, that he had very little indeed to spare ; he was old, grew infirm, and might stand in need of great indulgences. What he had been able to save would very barely purchase, or pay for the extra attendance his infirmities might require.

The sang froid with which the learned divine treated his family concerns astonished Mr. Franklin ; and as he knew little of Miss Orthodox, or her motives for the step she had taken, and was by no means certain

certain as to her companion, he willingly suffered the subject to be dropped, as it was apparently the Doctor's wish, who sat down to dinner with an appetite rather increased than lessened by the little he had felt on account of his daughter.

Miss Franklin now again voluntarily graced the table, and Mr. Orthodox declared he lost the memory of every disagreeable event to himself in the pleasure it gave him to see his two dear friends reunited, and he fervently prayed that the ingrate, who had occasioned the breach between them, might never more be allowed a seat at that table. Whether he were or were not joined in this pious wish by either the 'Squire or his sister, never transpired; if they did join him it was in secret, as not a word on the subject was said by either party.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*New Situations and Connections.*

HENRY found in the conversation of his new acquaintance great entertainment ; and (if a repetition of scenes, some of them not strictly consistent with rigid morality, but which evinced the relator to be a man of the world, may be termed so) some improvement. The rapidity with which they travelled, at the desire of the stranger, brought them to the place of their destination on the eve of the second day. As they had not stopped during the course of their journey, they retired very early to rest ; and our hero, being accustomed to admire the rising-sun, left his apartment before the people of the inn were well stirring. After loitering about till the busy money-getting faces began to appear, he sallied out for the purpose of making observations on the place and its inhabitants.

Impelled



Impelled by a natural impulse of curiosity, he wandered on, and took the circle of the city, little pleased with the narrow dirty streets, or the careful contracted brows of the inhabitants. After an hour's walk he was, as he thought, returning to the inn; but, not a new thing with a young man, turning to the left instead of the right, he was agreeably surprised to find himself at the foot of a beautiful hill, surrounded with a hanging wood, through the breaks of which he discerned several elegant buildings; and on one side below him, a fine river covered with craft of different sizes; and, on the other, a spacious road, where the numerous genteel carriages, and elegant appearance of their owners, formed a lively contrast to those of the citizens he had at first view so much disliked, and the delightful spot on which he now stood amply repaid him for the trouble he had taken, in wading through so many dirty avenues to a terrestrial paradise.

Henry stood still in admiration of the novelty and beauty of the prospect; his heart

heart dilated with the humble admiration of the divine mechanist, the assemblage of beauties before him, was an irresistible theme for thanksgiving; and he felt the general goodness of God to all his creatures, at the moment that his own situation reminded him of the small share *he* had in them, either natural or acquired.

Yes, said he, this is charming; it is beyond the power of imagination to conceive, and more than pencil can delineate: thus are the inhabitants of the globe united. One grand cause forms the universal chain, and holds together by commerce, by interest, or by affection, all the sons of Adam.

*All!* continued he, sighing; no, I am a wretched exception. To what living being am I of importance? to whom am I bound? where dwell my relations? through what obscure channel flows my congenial blood? where, oh! where exists the kindred soul of Henry Dellmore—Clara—angel—friend! where now art thou! on what happy object do thy dear eyes beam celestial softness! what society dost thy unobtrusive ele-

gance now blefs! what foul now vibrates with the harmony of thy gentle founds! Oh! Clara, what would be my orphan ſtate, the want of inheritance, or even common neceſſaries to me, could I but hope I lived in thy memory! Poor Henry had no ſooner uttered this rhapsody, than the bar to the indirect hope it expreſſed aroſe to his mental view, in the form of Lavinia Orthodox. Never, never eſcaped his lips: conſcience gave a ſudden twitch; he haſtily walked on, and, convinced of the juſtice of her claim, patched up a reconciliation with his own principles, by perſuading himſelf, the never, never was in favour of the juſtice due to the poor Lavinia. Never, indeed, ſaid he, can I—ought I—to forſake her! How perverſe is human nature! how inexplicable is the mind of man! cried he, as he continued to ſtride, rather than walk. I was this moment repining at my unconnected lot. I lamented that the claim of blood was denied me, while my ſoul recoils from the fond pleas of a generous, undone creature, to whom I am bound, by every tie

of

of justice and generosity. The beautiful prospect now lost its attraction. Universal benevolence no longer expanded his heart; gloomy, discontented, and unhappy he wandered on, unmindful of his way, till the sound of voices roused him from a most painful reverie, and he perceived himself out of the public path, and in an avenue, between two myrtle hedges, that led directly to a neat white house, where, under the shade of a portico in front, sat a gentleman and two ladies, with an elegant breakfast equipage before them.

Henry was vexed and confused at the intrusion his absence of mind had occasioned, and apologized in a manner peculiarly graceful for his apparent rudeness.

The gentleman politely accepted his apology, and invited him to partake of their repast.

Come, Sir, said an agreeable female, let me pour you out a cup of tea; the servant reached a chair, Henry was seated, and, in five minutes, perfectly acquainted with his company.



Reader, whether male or female, learned or unlearned, who, or whatever thou art, if a stranger to the magnet, that draws to one point, and instantly takes all restraint from the society of sensible minds—be thy situation, wit, or attainments what they will, I, simple as I am, pity thee. Thou wilt never know, thy heart will not inform thee, and nothing else can, how it was that ceremony ever vanished at the approach of Henry Dellmore. Mr. Roberts liked his new acquaintance, and Dellmore was pleased with Mr. Roberts; both were desirous of a further knowledge of each other, and, in their walk to town, where Mr. Roberts carried on an extensive trade, which he daily attended to, a further engagement was made; our hero promising, at his earnest invitation, to accompany him home to dinner after 'Change, where he agreed to meet his new friend.

At his return to the inn, where he left his fellow-traveller, he found, on enquiry, that he was gone out, and would not return till evening, when a post-chaise was ordered

to be ready at a moment's notice. As it was therefore likely he might be, going to leave Bristol, with the same expedition he came there, Henry was the more pleased at the fresh acquaintance he had so accidentally formed, with a man (as he proved on enquiry to be) of opulence and character. He left a note at the inn, expressing his regret at being so soon deprived of so agreeable a friend; and in case he did not return in time to take a personal leave, wished him health, and concluded with the customary compliments.

At the appointed hour he met Mr. Roberts, and returned with him to Clifton. The females of the family were, Mrs. and Miss Roberts, the wife and sister of the gentleman of the house.

Mrs. Roberts was a little woman, whose form laid her under great obligation to her stay-maker. She was, indeed, particularly ill-made, which, notwithstanding all that art and expence could do, was very visible. She had fine eyes, a delicate complexion, and a most insinuating manner.

She was sensible and accomplished, and her conversation was at once fascinating and delicate. Mr. Roberts had been the first choice of her heart, if her going with him to Grenna-Green, to the great grief of her parents, could be so called. There was the greatest appearance of politeness and respect between this couple; but though, for that reason, they were perhaps better company; the tender, the reciprocal union of souls was (if it existed at all) out of human ken.

Miss Roberts was a plain, good-humoured maiden, who was excessive fond of her brother, and properly respectful to his wife.

After dinner, the play-house was mentioned, as being for a country theatre very handsome, and the ladies proposed going there. Henry yet remembered the pleasure he had formerly received at theatrical entertainments, and readily agreed to the proposal. Mr. Roberts was not, he said, extravagantly fond of plays, but in compliment to his guest, he would also go in their company. The carriage was therefore ordered,

dered, and the afternoon was passed with a pleasure Henry did not expect. Mrs. Roberts played on her harpsichord with great taste, and her sister's voice made amends for the harshness of her features. When the carriage was announced, just as the ladies were ready to step into it, Mrs. Roberts was taken with a stomachic disorder, which totally prevented her going to the theatre: they all expressed their concern at her indisposition; and her husband wished to break up the party: this she would by no means consent to; she insisted on their going, and said, if she recovered she would come to them. At her earnest desire they proceeded without her; and as the play was the West Indian, and that excellently performed, though she did not follow, they were so well entertained, that Mrs. Roberts was not missed.

At their return home, they heard that the sick lady was sufficiently recovered to walk out alone, and was not yet returned. Mr. Roberts coloured, and immediately went to her mother's, where her maid sup-



posed she was gone; and Miss Roberts betrayed an alarm in her looks, more serious than the occasion seemed to warrant. Mr. Roberts staying beyond any probable cause, and his sister's anxiety encreasing, Henry judged it most polite, as well as prudent, to decline her invitation to stay supper, and accordingly took his leave.

At the inn he heard that his companion was gone without answering his note, and it being then near twelve, he immediately retired to rest.

The fatigue of his journey, and the agitation of his spirits, had the night before prevented his sleeping well, but he had no sooner laid his head now on his pillow, than he sunk into a total forgetfulness, and continued in that happy state of insensibility till late, next morning. How long his sleep would have lasted, cannot be known, as it was put an end to by a man's voice in loud contention with the chamberlain at his door. Henry started up; he could not make out the subject of the dispute, nor conceive from what it arose, but he could  
plainly

plainly distinguish the angry voice insisted on entering his chamber, and that the chamberlain was opposing it; he therefore got up, and dressing himself with as much expedition as possible, opened his door; the instant he had so done, to his astonishment, in burst Mr. Roberts, speechless with rage, as our hero was with amazement; a moment sufficed to give Mr. Roberts sufficient recollection for his purpose.

With frantic looks, and enraged voice, he charged Henry, in the most opprobrious terms, with being pander to a villain, who was under a thousand obligations to him, and who had repaid him, by seducing his wife into an infamous connection, which he had long suspected, and, at last, prevailed on her to elope with him; which last step, he said, could not have been affected, but by the assistance of Henry, whom he again charged with meanly taking advantage of his easy nature, to assist in this diabolical scheme, for which he insisted on immediate satisfaction, and offering him one of his

pistols, bid him defend the action of a scoundrel like a man.

It was in vain Henry attempted to defend his character, from an imputation he could not understand; rage was blind, and jealousy deaf to the pleadings of reason.

Henry was by no means deficient in point of personal courage; he was, indeed, possessed of as much true bravery, as was requisite to form the character of the most undaunted hero: his passions were warm, and he had as small a stock of patience as any young man would wish, but he was, nevertheless, shocked at the disagreeable alternative of kill, or be killed, without knowing for what. It was to no purpose he pleaded his innocence of any act that could be construed into the meaning of an injury to the enraged husband, who would neither explain his own allegation, nor hear his defence; and he was on the point of being forced, in cold blood, into an act which the phrensy of passion cannot excuse, had he not been prevented, by the entrance of several gentlemen, whom the passion of Mr. Roberts

berts had alarmed, and who, rushing into the room, immediately disarmed the combatants.

Still the furious husband breathed nothing but revenge; and the story of his wrong prejudiced his hearers very much in the disfavour of Henry, who heard, to his infinite surprise, an account of himself, given with so many corroborating circumstances, that he could not but confess appearances were much against him.

The person with whom he had travelled from Taunton, was of a profession that precluded all suspicion of the abandoned part he had acted. The greatest and most opulent part of the citizens of Bristol are dissenters. Mr. Lawrence was a young man brought up in that religion, and educated by their fund. He possessed strong natural powers, and to the very liberal instruction he had received, was added a retentive memory, great elocution, pleasing address, and a good person: these were the advantages which covered a fraudulent spirit, libertine principles, and a persevering cun-



ning, that rendered him the most dangerous of all designers: he was, at the same time, a preacher of the gospel, and a professor of deism: he was publicly the champion of truth, and privately the vender of falshood. So effectually, however, did he conceal his vices, that he was the general favourite of the strictest votaries of virtue; and he contrived to interlard his sermons with a something so pleasing, to the different palates of his hearers, that people, who pretended not to religion, went to his evening lectures to be rationally amused; of this number was Mr. Roberts, who took so strong a liking to the young preacher, that he obliged him to consider his house as his own, and treated him in every respect like a brother, his heart and purse being equally at his devotion.

Mr. Roberts's frequent engagements calling him often from home, he was happy to leave his wife such an eligible companion and entertainer. To the eternal disgrace of *his* profession, to the perpetual dishonour of *her* sex and family, the opportunities

ties given by open-hearted friendship, and unsuspecting generosity, were made use of, for the purposes of vice and ingratitude. Hints were given the husband, and though he flattered himself the prevention was in time, when he forbid the wretch his house, and when the indignation of his fellow-citizens drove him out of the city, his peace and honour at last fell a sacrifice to the folly of his wife, and the infamy of her betrayer.

When Henry met, or rather overtook Lawrence at Taunton, he was posting to Bristol, to convey Mrs. Roberts from thence to London. The manner in which our hero had introduced himself to the family, his accompanying them to the play, and being the means of engaging Mr. Roberts there, while his wife eloped, when it was known he came to Bristol with Lawrence, not only warranted suspicion, but gave the colour of reality to the suggestion of Mr. Roberts. Truth, however, in her radiant robes, soon made converts of the company. Conscious innocence, and unsullied honour,

nour, never shone more conspicuously than in the face of Henry Dellmore, while he accounted for the accident that had given him such a companion; but though every unprejudiced person present was soon convinced, it was long before Mr. Roberts could be prevailed on to leave declamation, and give ear to reason. Our hero, to convince him of his innocence, privately imparted to him his real name, having assumed that of Conway, and frankly confided to him every event of his life.

Once convinced of the injury he had done him, Mr. Roberts became his warm friend, and proportioned his kindness to the outrage he had offered him; he insisted on taking him home, where the presence of a friend was indeed necessary, to divert the gloom and rage of the deserted husband, who, if he did not love his wife, with the fondness that some ladies expect, felt the extremest anguish at her ill conduct.

What a fuss is here about a crooked jilt! Why, according to your account, she was  
not

not an object worthy the attack of a man of gallantry, says a smart town-bred beau, when he reads this; that is to say, if he can read: true; but her fortune was.

Mrs. Roberts was the doating piece of her fond father and mother, who were immensely rich. She had not received the fortune they intended for her; they had not yet wholly forgiven her Scotch excursion: she was, indeed, with her husband received at her father's house; but when she left her home, they had not parted with any of their large property.

This was to Mr. Roberts a circumstance perhaps that might add to the indignation that gentleman felt at his wife's ill-conduct. To repel injuries, and to revenge wrongs, (says a celebrated writer) is no less natural to man than to cultivate friendship. Never was there a greater proof of this assertion than in the disposition of Mr. Roberts: he panted for revenge; his injuries fired his soul; but the instant he was convinced of the innocence of our hero, he felt the genial warmth of disinterested friendship, and

continued



continued ever after devoted to his interest.

In consequence of the confidence reposed in him, Mr. Roberts knew that Conway, as he chose to be called, was destitute of a provision for life, and having first mentioned his intention to him, soon procured him a place in the compting-house of one of the first merchants in the city. This situation, though dependent, was genteel. The merchant, his employer, was a very liberal-minded man, and Mr. Roberts's particular friendship for Henry was a sufficient introduction to the ladies of his family, and through them to the first people in the place. He was admitted to subscribe to the assembly concert and card parties, and too young, as well as naturally too lively, to resist the temptations continually thrown in his way, he became thoughtless, expensive, and gallant: not, indeed, to any particular female did he pay attention; but the sex was his first passion; Clara Elton, in the variety of company with whom he was continually engaged,

engaged, still drew a sigh from his heart when he had leisure to recollect her. As to Lavinia, to avoid her, and to evade, if possible, his engagement with her, or at least to delay it, he changed his name. His motives when he took that measure were perhaps not so clear to himself; but though he could assign many other very respectable reasons, that was certainly the real one.

The disgrace and injury fixed on Mr. Roberts by his faithless wife had a very baneful effect on his health and morals; he had always loved a chearful glass; but when his domestic circle was a happy one, he indulged in drinking merely to do as others did; to give toasts at public meetings, set his table in a roar at home, and, in fine, he was a jolly fellow; but now, in spite of the contempt in which he professed to hold his wife, the vacuum she had left in his breast became irksome and melancholy; his home was hateful; and as it was not always possible to make engagements among friends, or meet select company at taverns, rather than not banish  
care,

care, he accepted companions, who contrived to pay themselves for the complaisance his whimsicality extorted from them. In those parties Dellmore was always included. He saw the wretched state of his friend's mind, which increased to that degree, that dissipation was absolutely necessary to preserve him from distraction; but alas! the remedy proved in a very short time more fatal than the disease. In six months after Mrs. Roberts's elopement her husband was in a dropy—in less than a year he was no more.

A year passed in every kind of gaiety, and expence was equally hurtful to the morals, and inconvenient to the finances of our hero. Mr. Roberts's generosity had liberally supplied his purse while he lived; but as he had himself no idea that his end was so near, his friends could not prevail on themselves to disturb the quiet of his last moments by a hint of his danger: he therefore died intestate, and a handsome mourning ring was all that remained to Dellmore of his unhappy friend.

Eighty pounds per annum would not support a young buck, who had hitherto been at the first of every thing in a city where ready money is held in the greatest veneration. Henry had no resources ; he left Mr. Roberts's house, where he had hitherto resided, and went to a widow's of small fortune to board ; he had yet twenty guineas in his pocket ; and if it had been possible for any young man to retrench in the society with whom he had blended when he had it in his power to be expensive, it might perhaps have been Henry Dellmore. The thing was out of nature ; but the hour of reflection, though it may be put off, and adjourned from day to day, will come at last ; it had been, to be sure, more commendable had reformation preceded the want of cash ; but, truth to say, the last guinea was changed before Henry began to think.

This will not do, cried he ; I must go to London, and be wiser ; I have twenty pounds due from Mr. Reeves ; I am thirty in debt, and how to pay the greater sum  
with



with the leffer was a secret he had yet to learn. His hair-dresser was a capital creditor; that hair-dresser had a wife, who had great penetration; few of the young gentlemen on her husband's books could conceal their circumstances from her; not that she was assisted in her discoveries by Mr. Crape, who was a quiet good-tempered, easy fellow; so far from it, he endeavoured to make the best of a bad debt, begged his lovee to have patience, was sure the gentleman's affairs would mend, and if they did not, where it was not to be had, the King must lose his right; but his lovee was not to be so pacified: she cursed his fool's head, bid him go to the devil with his patience, and took on herself the agreeable office of dunning the customers for the bills due. This amiable woman had been, at the time Henry formed the resolution to quit Bristol, his constant morning visiter for about three weeks; a most unreasonable long period for her civility to last, and her patience being now at its last ebb, she went

to

to his lodgings with a full resolution to ask for her own.

Sarvant, Mister Convoy; if you please I am come again about this here little bill; to be sure if my husband hadn't wanted the money, he would not have sent me after it, for God knows I have enow to do; but as I say, if poor people wants their money, where can they go for it but where 'tis due? and my way is to pay twenty shillings in the pound, if so be as I am able.

Mrs. Crape, answered Henry, I have told you, as soon as I can make it convenient.

Convenient! interrupted Mrs. Crape, I believe, young gentleman, if I wait for that, I may wear out a pair of shoes or two in coming after it—and so d'ye see—

Good woman, I beg—Henry was now interrupted a second time with more violence—Good woman! repeated she, who do you call good woman? Pray, good man, pay me my bill, or I'll make the town too hot for your buckship. Good woman! indeed; why pray who are you  
that

that takes on you to call a substantial tradesman's wife out of her name? Pay me my money. Here is seven pounds eleven shillings and four-pence, besides a month's dressing since I delivered the bill, and out of the house I will not go till I have the money.

Where it is not to be had the King must lose his right, was the wife saying of Mr. Crape.

Henry felt the shame of a debt which he actually had not wherewithal to pay; and Mrs. Crape, unmindful of that wise saying of her husband's, being determined *to be* paid, continued raising her voice, with every sentence, to demand payment of her bill. The noise she made brought up the landlady, who, though she exceedingly blamed Mrs. Crape for her rudeness, secretly concluded, that as Mr. Conway seemed distressed for money, it would be proper to trouble him with her little account. Accordingly, as soon as he had gotten rid of Mrs. Crape, which was not done without some manual exertions, his land-  
lady

lady hoped he would excuse the liberty she took in presenting him with her bill, which she should take as a great favour if he could pay immediately.

He took the bill, and retired silently to his room, where pride, shame, grief, and distress co-operating, swelled in his heart, and at length took vent from his eyes. The strangers came, as Mrs. Inchbald expresses it, a wearisome journey, and they dropped on the paper that he still held in his hand, singly, as if their force and strength were exhausted by the pain and fatigue of their travels. He walked to the window, where he saw the indefatigable Mrs. Crape in violent confab with the opposite neighbour; both their eyes directed to his apartment. Shame glowed on his cheeks, and again the salt tear distilled from his eyes. Heavens! can I bear this! cried he: No; this very night will I leave Bristol.

He accordingly immediately drew a schedule of his debts, and sent a note to Mr. Reeves, requesting his quarter's salary, with which he paid Crape, and some other



other trifling demands. Five guineas he kept in his purse, and left his cloaths, with a note to his landlady, to discharge her demands. This done, he left Bristol, and set out on his third peregrination with a couple of shirts in his pockets, the cloaths he stood upright in, and the aforesaid five guineas in his purse.

It was late in the evening when he passed through Temple-gate in his way to Bath, where a returned chaise very opportunely soon conveyed him.

At the inn where it stopped he presently learned that a gentleman's chariot was returning empty to Windsor, and being desirous of getting as soon as possible out of the knowledge of any of the gay acquaintance he had formed, many of whom were then at Bath, he directly agreed with the coachman, and set off within ten minutes after he entered that city.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*Love and wine.*

**DURING** his long journey, Henry was exposed to the worst of intruders : his own cool, sober reflections were impertinents that he would have been happy to get rid of. The year that had elapsed since he left Ether was a constant scene of forgetful folly ; he had, it is true, enlarged his acquaintance, but he had not increased the number of his friends ; he had improved in his knowledge of the world with very little credit to his morals ; he had been the disciple of Bacchus without being fond of liquor, and the votary of Venus without gratifying a voluntary passion. The dissipation in which he had engaged, in compliance with the unhappy Mr. Roberts, left the sting of remorse on his mind, which his regard for his late friend could not re-

move. He felt self-condemned, and the shameful retreat he was now making from a place where he had so mispent his time, severely humbled his pride, while recollections still more painful added grief to regret.

Lavinia and Conscience would now be heard. What was become of Lavinia! Was she yet in existence! How could a man of any feeling so entirely forsake a young creature in such circumstances! Well, Conscience condemned him; it gave him the heart-ach, and it whispered, that the road he was now travelling was carrying him still farther from the path that led to reparation; but when Conscience had proceeded thus far, the repugnance he felt to marry Lavinia, from the moment he had seen Clara Elton, arose in his mind, and impeded its further progress, and the same motives that carried him from Ether to Bristol, that induced him to change his name, that prevented his writing to his benefactor, and that now secretly urged him to fly from a possibility of being called on

to

to perform his engagement, still remained in full force, notwithstanding the thoughtless scenes in which he had been engaged.

He had no hope of Clara ; indeed his despair of ever obtaining her was a powerful auxiliary to the influence and example of Mr. Roberts. Deeply did he drink before her idea could be chased from his heart, and till that was done he was, his friend would say, good for nothing. Several young ladies had been pointed out to him, who received him with the most flattering distinction, and whose fortunes would have been esteemed a sufficient source of happiness ; but he rejected with firmness every offer of an honourable connection, nor could he ever be prevailed on to affect a tenderness that it was not in his nature to feel ; the conclusions in his own mind always were, that he *could* not have Clara ; that he *would* not have Lavinia ; that he *ought* not to marry any other woman, and that it would be an act of dishonour to trifle with the peace of a virtuous female ; ergo he must die a bachelor.



But though he could easily form this resolution, it was not so easy to reconcile his reason to some other parts of his own conduct. During the last twelve-months he felt the effects of folly, and employed his mind during his long journey in forming plans for his future conduct more consistent with his former mode of life ; and the carriage set him down at the ——— at Windsor, in the full conviction of the scandal his late practice entailed on all his former professions.

It was about eight o'clock on Saturday evening when he arrived, and all the world were crouding to the terrace to see the Royal Family. He hastened among the rest, eagerly curious to behold a sight that inspired at once delight and respect.

Here he met three of his old Oxford chums, whose joy at this rencounter was equal to his own : they had stolen off on a frolic, and meant to leave Windsor next morning on their return to college. They  
accom-

accompanied him to the inn, where all Henry's good resolutions were forgotten.

A repetition of old scenes, histories of old friends, and college anecdotes, gave zest to their wine. An excellent supper was ordered; Champagne was the word; they talked, laughed, drank, sung, and passed the evening till the night was far advanced in the true spirit of conviviality, nor did the amount of the bill when called for, though it cut deeply into our hero's purse, lessen the satisfaction and hilarity of the friend at this accidental meeting.

The wine in their heads, the collegians proposed finishing the night with some good-natured girls in the town. Henry was not so much intoxicated but he remembered the depth of his purse, and doubting whether it would carry him through the night in such company, pride did that for him, which I very much fear discretion, notwithstanding all his resolves in the carriage during his journey, would have wanted power to effect: it carried him to his lone chamber, where he threw himself,

half undressed, on his bed, while his companions reeled off to seek for female partners.

He had just dropped asleep, when he was disturbed by his door's being gently opened by a female, who, in a whispering accent, called Miss White! Miss White! is it you?

Who is there? cried Henry staggering out of bed.

Away went the intruder, shutting the door after her.

The moment's sleep he had enjoyed had rather added to the disorder occasioned by the wine in the intellects of Dellmore, and scarcely sensible of what he did, he immediately followed the person who had disturbed him into a long gallery, into which his own room door, as well as many others, opened. A small glimmering light, which proceeded from an almost extinguished lamp in the hall, and now twinkled so as to make darkness visible, and now appeared totally extinguished, served to shew him the shadow of the person he was in pursuit of

of at his first entrance into the gallery, but suddenly secluded her from his view. He stood as still as the fumes of the wine would permit him, to listen, and certain he heard footsteps near him, he went straight forward a few paces, and soon heard another door open with the same voice, again calling Miss White! Miss White! is it you? A female scream occasioned that door to be hastily shut, and the person whose perturbed spirit seemed bent on breaking the repose of the company at the inn, making a precipitate retreat, was on her turning round received into the arms of our hero.

Henry, his brain in the situation I have described, could not now be expected to be a Scipio: a female almost naked in his arms at dead of night, who had come uninvited into his room, was not an object to inspire respect, and he was too much intoxicated to be prudent.

My dear soul! cried he, supporting his own staggering weight by leaning on the fair one, this is kind, very kind: but



what did you run away so for?—I was wishing, and wishing.

The wine was potent; Henry's head grew giddy; he turned very sick, but more loving from his inebriety, and, ignorant of the indelicacy that accompanied his embraces, he hugged the struggling female to a close sense of his condition.

The person who had the felicity to be in such a tender situation had silently struggled, and made every effort in her power to disengage herself, but finding that impossible—

Let me go, you drunken beast, cried she. Murder! fire! help! a rape! Will nobody save a poor woman from ruin?

Why you little—no, faith, 'tis you great unmannerly toad, replied Henry, still leaning on his companion, how dare you call names? Why I am as sober as a judge: How the devil else could I have taken your hint to follow you in the dark?

Oh! heavens! screamed the woman, I shall be poisoned and murdered. Help! help! for God's sake. The servants of the house,

house, and four reeling Londoners from below, with some of the inmates of the range of rooms, now appeared with lights, and *a* what's the matter, good *folks*?

The scene that presented itself on the appearance of the candles in a moment banished the fumes of the wine, and restored our adventurer to the full exercise of his senses. Pressed close in his arms, her head-dress deranged, and her person bearing the indelicate marks of inebriety; he recognized his old acquaintance the lovely Mrs. Puffardo.

Blaming such libertine conduct, and preaching sobriety, with a breath almost as strongly impregnated with punch as his was with champagne, her dress-cap on one corner of her tête, and her eyes glistening with something or other, on his right-hand stood Mrs. Napper, on the left the accomplished Billy Holcombe between two ladies of their party, and in front advanced Mr. Puffardo, a greater blockhead than ever by the liquor he had swallowed: he

was followed by two other men ; and, lastly,

With a countenance, in which appeared sorrow, anger, surprize, and contempt, peeping over the shoulder of Jemima, and leaning on her the trembling weight of her whole person, stood Clara Elton, the door of their room but half open, and hardly daring to look forward, lest the purity of her ideas should be shocked by the denouement of a scene altogether mysterious and unaccountable.

What a sight for her ! What a confirmation to the libertine, the abandoned character that Miss Franklin chose to give him ! She had heard of his seduction of Lavinia, and of his abandoning her ; she had been told how he had bestowed part of the money Mr. Franklin had given him for benevolent uses on an abandoned man for the purpose of seducing the elder Miss Orthodox into an elopement with him ; a matter that was accidentally discovered, Captain Marsh, having changed the bank note Henry lent him at the Buck's Head, and

and Mrs. Hudson paying it to Downes for rent, whence it came to the 'Squire's hand, who, in hopes by that means of hearing of the fugitive, had traced it as I have related; a discovery that furnished the inveterate Miss Franklin with fresh matter of blame and of triumph; it confirmed a thousand ill-natured stories circulated to injure him, which were greedily swallowed by the disappointed spinster, and by her communicated to Clara; but notwithstanding all the prejudice of his enemies, there was a corner in Miss Elton's heart, where Henry yet reigned without a rival; she fancied he might not be so bad as represented; and as to Lavinia, her guardian spoke in such severe terms of that young lady, that she flattered herself he was not so culpable as Doctor Orthodox and as Miss Franklin represented him; she had fondly hoped time would restore him to the good opinion of his friends, nor would she give up the dear expectation formed by love, and upheld by her own innocence, of seeing him return as he went, the pride of her heart.



But oh! what a falling off was here: could she credit her senses—was that the moral, the delicate, the well-bred Henry Dellmore! him, whose modest down-cast eye, when she last saw him, was yet figured in such lively colours on her memory, whose elegant deportment was the criterion by which she guessed at perfection, whose every act she recollected with transport. Could it indeed be him! The instant Henry saw Clara, all the effects of the wine vanished. He let go the struggling Mrs. Puffardo, and his eyes speaking the agitation of his soul, he attempted to advance; Miss Elton! cried he, in a faltering voice—all the natural softness of her countenance changing to contempt—Clara retreated. Clara, angel, continued the unhappy Dellmore, kneeling, let me not terrify thee, hear me speak. With a look that struck horror to his soul, she withdrew without speaking, and hastily shut her door.

The unexpected sight of the woman he adored, under such a shocking disadvantageous

rageous appearance on his side, was, it must be acknowledged, a most unfortunate accident. All his love, his veneration renewed; he sunk prostrate on the floor, as he lost sight of the divine Clara, and gave way to a transport of grief, that took from him all sense of his situation, till roused by the well-known voice of his quondam master.

What! Mumps again, quoth Puffardo. Mr. Dellmore! said Mrs. Napper. I might have known by instinct, cried Mrs. Puffardo, who it was; there is not such another impudent fellow in the world. Her husband, as loving in his cups as Caliban himself, advanced towards him, offering to shake hands, swearing he was glad to see him; he was a d——d honest fellow, and he would drink a bottle with him, that he would.

Poor Henry was ill disposed for society of any sort; his heart was wrung at the light in which, he was but too sensible, Miss Elton would view the night's  
adven-

adventure, and his head ached in a violent manner; the only effect the liquor now had on him, was to encrease his indignation at the overture of friendship from Puffardo: he deigned not to answer him, but withdrew, in silent scorn, to his room, and soon the extreme uneasiness of his mind, although his senses were not in the least affected, was overcome by the strength of the wine he had drank; he fell asleep, and awoke not till noon the next day.

The first thing that then occurred to his memory, was the transaction of the preceding night: a confused sense of what had passed between him and Mrs. Puffardo only remained; but the figure, the looks, the displeasure of Miss Elton, were perfectly fresh in his recollection. All his love, his admiration for the dear Clara was renewed; he execrated his folly, and the situation in which she had seen him, appeared so horrible, so beastly in his own ideas, that after tearing his hair, in repentant rage, and suffering every pang of  
anguish

anguish and remorse, he solemnly, on his knees, swore never to drink above three glasses of any liquor at a sitting; which vow he religiously kept, and thus was he cured of one *juvenile indiscretion*.

When he had gathered strength of mind to put on the appearance of composure, he enquired after the company he met the night before: he found they had left Windsor early in the morning, and the waiter very humourously accounted for the ladies wanderings round the gallery.

They were a party, he said, who came from London to see the Royal Family: they consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Puffardo, Mr. Holcombe, a Mr. Mrs. and Miss White, Mrs. Napper, her daughter, and Miss Elton.

They had supped together in great harmony and good humour; but unfortunately, as Mr. Puffardo waxed warm with liquor, he likewise waxed amorous. Now, had those his inclinations been directed to the wife of his bosom, no fault could possibly be



be found with the air and cheer of Windfor; but that was so far from being the case, that the poor woman had not only the mortification of seeing herself entirely neglected, but actually caught the faithless man in the very act of kissing the bar-maid. Mr. Puffardo's spirits were too much elevated to keep his usual good look out; and his wife, having the prudence to conceal the discovery she had made, he was entirely off his guard, and made so many excuses to leave the room, for the sake of a little chat with Mrs. Kitty, that Mrs. Puffardo, swelling with jealous rage, made no doubt but she should detect him in the height of his intrigue; she accordingly, under pretence of a violent indisposition, retired about twelve, at the same time with the young ladies, in order to watch her unsuspecting husband.

The two ladies who were left with the males of the party, were yet doing honour to the punch, when Mrs. Puffardo, unable to rest, having twice before visited Miss White's  
 apart-

apartment, in order to know when her father and mother came to bed, by the irregular glimmer of the lamp mistook the door, and opened that of our adventurer: this account, added the man, was given by the jealous virago herself, in her own vindication, for having been caught in the arms of a young man, when she was supposed to be at rest.

Dellmore next enquired after the young ladies of the party; but the waiter only knew there were two or three handsome women among them, and that they came and returned together; one of them, a tall lady, rode in a phaeton with the young gentleman.

This information struck Henry to the heart; it must be Clara, and it could be only Holcombe. He was shocked and distressed at the figure he had cut in the drama of the preceding night; but exclusive of the misfortune to himself, of falling under her displeasure, he was still more shocked, and still more grieved, to have  
met

met Miss Elton at a common inn, in such company. A young woman of her beauty, accomplishments, and fortune, to be seen under the protection of men, whose appearance and manners were equally despicable, and chapraned by women, not a degree more calculated to enforce respect, was, in his opinion, a circumstance no less disgraceful to her guardian than dangerous to herself: he knew the conclusions young men could draw, from seeing her in such a situation; the hopes it would inspire, the insults it would expose her to; and he was also sensible, that the frigid eye of prudence would see impropriety, or at least the appearance of it, where there was no real culpability. He was rather more conversant with the world now, than when he engaged to repair the honour of a fond imprudent girl, by uniting himself for life to a woman he *did* not love, and *could* not esteem; but, however he might evade, how long soever he might delay it, still his heart confessed it was an  
engage-

engagement, and one from which he could not recede ; so that, though he loved Miss Elton with the fondest passion, though he adored her person, and revered the delicacy of her manners and understanding, his concern for her in the present instance was free from the least interested motive. Dear as Clara confessedly was to his soul, her fame, her happiness, and her peace, were yet dearer ; that she should be exempted from sorrow and misfortune, was a matter of far more moment to him, than any thing in which he was himself concerned ; the more he reflected, the more he was embarrassed ; it was, he thought, absolutely necessary Mr. Franklin should know the precipice on which, in his idea, Clara now stood. Dear, unapprehensive girl, said he, Oh ! that thy Henry might be permitted to warn thee of thy danger, to mingle with those warnings, that his own imprudence qualify him to give, the soft soothing of true affection ; but could I persuade the dear maid, it was my anxiety for *her* only,

that



that impelled *me*, who want a Mentor so much *myself*, to assume *that character to her*? or how indeed can I be sure, when I see the modest simplicity of her attitude, if she deigns to hear me, when her eye beams shoot through my soul, when every sense is captivated by the melody of her voice, that *I* then, in that transporting moment, may say, as I now can, that I am, in my solicitude for her welfare, truly disinterested? But how then should he act? to write in his own name to Mr. Franklin, to be called on for a performance of his engagement with Lavinia—Oh! *not yet, not yet*. To give him an anonymous hint, that was beneath him; to remonstrate with Mrs. Napper, that would be in vain; to see Clara, his heart beat at the thought; but his situation, not only with respect to Lavinia, but his circumstances, so deplorable, poor, and friendless, destitute of the means to procure a decent subsistence, yet loving to madness, who would believe *he* sought a beautiful young heiress, only to serve *her*,

to tell a woman, in the bloom of youth and beauty unpleasant truths? Yet difficult as it was to fix on the mode, something he was resolved to do (towards removing his beloved Clara from her present ineligible situation) as soon as he should arrive in London.

After discharging his bill at the inn, Mr. Dellmore found himself in possession of exactly one quarter of the sum with which he left Bristol, namely, one guinea and seven shillings; and as the lightness of his purse, was a memento of more weight than all that prudence could urge, he considered it was his business to get to London as cheap as he could; and the day being very wet, he thought himself in great fortune, when he was seated snug in a returned chaise, on his way to Staines.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

to the young, in the bloom of youth and  
beauty and health. The disease as  
it was to fix on the model something he was  
reluctant to do. Towards a young man he  
looked down with a permanent interest and  
sympathy as soon as he should arrive at the  
age of manhood. After discharging his duty in the way of  
the school he found himself in possession of ex-  
actly one quarter of the land which he  
had inherited, namely one acre and seven  
halfpence, and as the lights of his party  
were a combination of more weight than all that  
presence could urge, he considered it was  
his duty to go to London as soon as  
he could, and the day being fixed, he  
thought himself a great fortune when he  
was seated in his carriage on his  
way to London.

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